PARTISAN REVIEW

PR

MAY-JUNE, 1941

THE DRY SALVAGES

a long poem by

T. S. ELIOT

IS FASCISM A 'NEW ORDER'?

two articles by

James Burnham & Dwight Macdonald

ALLEN TATE — The Season's Poetry

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PARTISAN REVIEW

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From France

1. "Pas de Marchandise"

EDITORS' NOTE: *The author of this letter, who for obvious reasons prefers to remain anonymous, lived in Paris until the beginning of this year.*

The editors of PARTISAN REVIEW have asked me to describe cultural and political tendencies in Paris up to the time I left the city, two months ago. This is a difficult task because life in Paris has steadily narrowed down to the brute problems of how to get enough to eat and how to keep from freezing. In a city where housewives make their own soap and stand in line two to four hours a day to buy food, where the windows in all but the most expensive apartment houses are coated with icicles, where people read the newspapers largely for their daily treatment of such matters as how to make use of cigarette ashes—in such a city there can be little serious concern with arts and letters, while politics take on a—temporary —unreality. However, I shall do my best.

Outwardly, Paris has changed less under the German occupation than one might expect. Certain changes, it is true, are immediately evident: the long queues in front of food stores, the absence of automobiles on the streets, the groups of German soldiers one meets everywhere, with their purchases dangling from the bomb-hooks on their belts. But that is about all. The Germans have taken down the sandbags from the churches and museums and have cleaned up and replanted the parks, which were neglected during the war. The café sidewalks are still crowded with Parisians apparently enjoying their coffee or aperitifs. The shop windows on the Champs Elysées and the Rue de la Paix present a fine show of merchandise. Theatres, concerts, cinemas are all open again, and night life flourishes in Montmartre and Montparnasse in pre-war style. Except for this last item, however, this is all appearance rather than reality. The Louvre has emerged from its sandbags, but if you go inside, you find that all the painting collections are closed, and that the more famous pieces of sculpture, such as the Winged Victory and the Venus de Milo, are now ersatz, replaced by plaster casts. It isn't hard to guess what has become of the originals. The displays in the shop windows are mostly for show, not for sale. And innumerable small shops are closed most of the time, with a simple card in the window: "PAS DE MARCHANDISE." The cafe-sitters are enjoying neither coffee—the "national coffee," officially decreed, is one-third coffee and two-thirds roasted wheat or barley grains, with a bottle of saccharine instead of sugar—nor aperitifs, which were prohibited to keep the German soldiers out of temptation.

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As one might expect, most of the activity in the arts is in music, theatre and the cinema. Nothing new of the slightest interest is being done, but performances are going on at an almost normal rate. The concert halls are open as usual, the chief difference being the large number of music-loving German officers and soldiers in the audience. The French movie companies, purged of their Jewish owners and personnel, are 'coöperating' amicably with Goebbels' film trust, and many of the old stars are back at work. At least they don't have to worry about Hollywood competition any more. The theatres are also humming with activity, almost entirely revivals of old plays. Typical of the trend here are the metamorphoses of the talented young actor, Jean-Louis Barrault, and of the actor-producer, Charles Dullin. These former leaders of the experimental, 'advanced' theatre in Paris have turned traditional. Barrault recently made his debut with the Comedie Francaise in Corneille's *Le Cid*, while Dullin has put on a big production of Moliere's *L'Avare*.

The important literary reviews have not appeared since the blitzkrieg, with the exception of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, which resumed publication in November. Its recent issues have contained only two contributions of interest: another instalment of excerpts from André Gide's diary, and a long poem, "Narcisse," by Paul Valéry. The only new literary publication worth mentioning is the fascistic *La Gerbe*, a sort of ersatz *Candide* which beats the drum dutifully for "la renaissance Française." In the bookstore windows the more recent books of Celine, in bright new jackets, are prominently displayed. Nothing new of any literary interest is being published. The Germans have issued their famous list of 'verboten' books and ordered all the offending volumes to be removed from sale. The Association of French Publishers, doubtless to show their 'coöperative' spirit, have also issued *their* list of forbidden volumes, which turned out to be twice as long as the German list, adding the complete works of all Jewish French writers plus the books of Daladier, Reynaud, etc.

The deadest of all arts in Paris today is painting. Picasso remains in Paris, but most of the other leading painters are now either in the Vichy zone or in the United States. The only exhibition of any interest while I was in Paris was the Rodin-Monet show at the Orangerie. It is worth noting that Hitler's aversion to modern art does not seem to be shared by his officers. The more educated German officers are said to be buying up as many canvasses by Picasso, Braque, Léger, Miró and other 'degenerate' painters as they can find. The story is even told that the German *Kommandantur* offered Picasso the princely gift of three tons of coal, which he is said to have refused with the remark, "I can freeze as well as anybody."

The political atmosphere in Paris may be summed up:

(1) *The relative friendliness of the Parisians towards the Germans*

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in the first months of the occupation had completely evaporated by the end of the summer. Hatred of the Germans is universal in Paris today.

(2) *This hatred has caused a decided shift of popular sympathy towards England, not because of any idealistic concern about democracy but simply because the British are standing up to the Germans. In recent months, this popular hostility has forced the Germans to take increasingly repressive measures.*

(3) *The old political parties, officially banned, are discredited anyway and in an advanced state of disintegration. Pétain seems to be personally respected, but the Vichy propaganda arouses little enthusiasm in Paris. The efforts of native fascist groups to make political capital out of the situation has been completely unsuccessful because of their policy of 'collaboration' with the Nazis. There is thus a sort of political vacuum in Paris today, resulting from the lack of any political expression of the two deepest feelings of the people: their hatred of the Germans and their reaction to the increasing economic privations. There are signs of a political regrouping, under the surface, along the line of a nationalist revolution.*

(1.)

As is well known, there was a widespread reaction in favor of the Germans in the first few weeks after the military debacle. This was due partly to the extremely 'correct' behavior of the Nazi soldiery, mostly to the people's disgust with their own leaders and with their British allies. Another factor was the notable lack of any patriotic fervor on the part of the French masses during the war. The contrast with the Poles is striking. The same Parisian girls who had gone out with the British Tommies, welcomed with equal enthusiasm the Nazi troopers after the invasion. One German soldier told me that the Polish women, on the other hand, "were as bad as the men," that mothers with children in their arms fired on the invaders, and that forty Polish women were executed in Warsaw for seducing German soldiers—in order to castrate them. French soldiers told me that when they had thrown away their arms in the wild retreat just before Paris fell—"and glad to get rid of them, too"—the Poles had picked them up and gone forward to defend *la belle France* against the Germans. The general attitude of the French as the military disaster developed was summed up in the words of a little corporal who said to me, with a shrug: "Alors, on sera des Boches." ("We'll become Germans —so what?") This half-friendly indifference, however, disappeared rapidly as the weight of the German requisitions began to be felt and as the Nazi soldiers cleaned out the stores and restaurants like a horde of locusts, leaving behind only piles of newly printed 'occupation marks.' For many months, hatred of the Germans has been increasing.

(2.)

Although it is strictly forbidden, every one in Paris listens to the

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British radio broadcasts. So far as I know, there was no attempt by the authorities to enforce this prohibition. This popular sympathy with De Gaulle and the English springs entirely from the fact that England is Hitler's antagonist. The vague rhetoric about 'justice' and 'democracy' which Churchill and the other British leaders send over the air waves is taken no more seriously by the Parisian masses than the counter-propaganda about the 'new order' emanating from Munich. The average Parisian is realistic enough to know why a 'democratic' crusade led by the Royalist, De Gaulle, and the Tory, Churchill, has to be rather vague as to its war aims. A catastrophe of the proportions of the one suffered by France since last May makes *realpolitikers* out of the most innocent—and the French have never been noted for their innocence in such matters.

By the time I left Paris, there was a perceptible tightening of the German military rule. The policy of the *Kommandantur* has been to stay in the background as much as possible, interfering with the civil life of the city only when absolutely necessary. Thus the enforcement of the laws in general and even of the German military regulations was left to the regular French police. The student riots on the Champs Elysées on November 11, however, were so serious that it was necessary to use German troops to put them down, a precedent which will probably have to be repeated in the future. Even more significant was the *Aujourd'hui* incident. Early in September, a new daily paper, *Aujourd'hui,* appeared on the Paris newsstands. Its editor was Henri Jeanson, a well-known journalist who had been jailed by the Daladier government for writing an article "inciting soldiers to rebellion." *Aujourd'hui* took the same general line as Doriot's *Le Cri du Peuple* and Deat's *L'Oeuvre*—that is, against the old democratic capitalism and for Franco-German collaboration in a 'United States of Europe.' It was distinguished, however, by the fact that it printed no anti-Semitic material, and by the very popular campaign it put on to get the Vichy regime to release the anarcho-syndicalist, Lecoin, still imprisoned for his anti-war activities. The Germans allowed *Aujourd'hui* much latitude, apparently to see how much support such ideas would get. It was not long, however, before they were forced to summarily remove Jeanson and replace him by Suarès, a more docile editor.

A final instance was the long-delayed purge of the Seine bookstalls. For months after the list of forbidden books was issued, one could still buy quite openly in the second-hand bookshops of the Quartier Latin and along the Seine, the works of banned authors like Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, Freud and Thomas Mann. Many students spent their spare cash in making large private collections of this illegal literature. Early this year, however, just before I left Paris, the Gestapo suddenly descended on the bookshops, demanding that all copies of works on a long list be handed over within half an hour. I might add that the Bibliotheque Nationale, closed to all except scholars by the Daladier regime, has not been reopened to the public.

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(3.)

When the Germans first entered Paris, the local Stalinists seem to have taken the Nazi-Soviet pact somewhat too seriously. The editors of *Humanité* are said to have sent around a delegate to the German *Kommandantur* to apply formally for permission to resume publication! When the delegate failed to return—permanently—the editors concluded they had been over-optimistic, and the party went underground again, though not before a number of members had been arrested by the Germans as they openly gave out Communist leaflets on the streets. The party still distributes leaflets, more discreetly now. In the early weeks of the occupation, these demanded the release of the imprisoned Communist deputies and attacked Vichy, hardly mentioning the Germans. As Nazi-Soviet friendship cooled, and as the popular feeling against the Germans rose, the Stalinists have ventured more and more to agitate against the invaders. They are badly compromised, however, in the eyes of the man in the street, by their support of the pact with Hitler, and they command no real following.

So, too, with the other old groupings of the left. The Socialist Party has almost entirely disintegrated; the membership of the trade unions has fallen almost to zero, since they can do little for their members. When you add to this bankruptcy of the old workingclass organizations the tremendous unemployment in Paris—some 600,000 out of a working population of little more than double that figure—plus the ruin of the middle class shopkeepers and rentiers plus the desire for revenge against both the foreign conquerors and the old parliamentary-democratic parties which are held responsible for the national humiliation—when you put all this together, you have all the objective preconditions for the rise of a native fascism. And both the renegade Communist, Jacques Doriot, and the renegade Socialist, Marcel Deat, are doing their best to rise to the occasion. Their newspapers propagandize for the same sort of anti-capitalist, 'corporative' nationalism as the former leader of the Belgian Labor Party, Henri De Man, has been trying to popularize in Belgium since the blitzkrieg. Their efforts arouse little popular response, however, since they also recommend that the 'national regeneration' should take place under the aegis of a dominant Germany. All over Paris one sees, on walls and in the Metro stations, the scrawled inscription: "DEAT VENDU AUX ALLEMANDS." These demagogues are trying to square a political circle—to create a fascist movement on the basis of collaboration with the national oppressors.

Perhaps the most significant political event in Paris since the Germans came was the student demonstration on the Champs Elysées on Armistice Day, November 11 last. Not only because it was the only public anti-German demonstration of any size, but also because of the fact that it seems to have been organized by student leaders of both the left (Stalinists, revolutionary groups) and the right (Croix de Feu), *each acting quite independently of the other.* It was not until they actually

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came into contact just before the demonstration that the two groups discovered they were working on the same lines. A regrouping of political forces is taking place in Paris under the surface, crystallizing around the idea of a national revolution against the Nazi conquerors. Within the revolutionary left, also, drastic regroupings are going on, looking towards a future canalizing of the anti-Nazi sentiment in the direction of a national revolution led by the workingclass, and, ultimately, towards the only possible alternative to the present Nazi domination of France: her inclusion in a united movement in all the occupied countries towards a socialist 'United States of Europe.' The old reformist left parties have lost their hold on the masses. The revolutionary groups feel they will have great opportunities for leading a future national revolution against the Germans—if they can but grasp them.

Whatever the future holds, one thing is clear. Neither the reactionary old men of Vichy nor the fascist 'collaborationists' in Paris are in a position to lead such a movement. Their propaganda is strewn with phrases about "la nouvelle revolution Française"—not since the Commune has there been such a journalistic slinging about of the world "revolution"—but every one understands that whoever talks *in public* of revolution these days thereby writes himself down plainly as an ally of Hitler. The real revolutionaries are those who keep silent.

2. "*La France Est Pourrie!*"

EDITORS' NOTE: *A fragment from the account of the experiences of a German emigré journalist in the mass flight from Paris at the approach of the Germans.*

The 14th of June we reached the neighborhood of Puiseaux in the department of Loiret—it took us ten hours to cover twelve kilometers. On the way thousands of cars were being continually held up, mostly to clear the way for whole columns of autos in which sat officers with women, luggage, and strikingly made-up girls, fleeing towards the Loire. To let them pass, the military police halted the columns of army trucks, artillery, light armored cars, field kitchens, and civilians, pedestrians, bicyclists, people pushing baby carriages.

On the road we had the following conversation with a young soldier from one of the motorized sections:

Q: Why are we stopping again?
A: To let those over there (*the soldier pointed his thumb contemptuously at the officers' autos*) with their tarts (*avec leurs poules*) get away.
Q: Suppose German planes begin shooting?

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A: Then we'll suddenly notice that somehow they (*the same gesture*) will have all disappeared.
Q: Where are you yourself going?
A: Across the Loire. To join my section (*the young soldier laughed*) or further. What do I know?
Q: Have you lost your section?
A: I lost it or it lost me—who can tell? We lost all our officers. They went home in a hurry to get their women (*again the same gesture*). And there they scuttle (*les v'la qui fichent le camp, les salauds*).
Q: Do you have enough gasoline?
A: Enough to get home with.
Q: Where do you come from?
A: Corsica. I lost everything on the way, my gun too. We haven't eaten for three days—the field kitchen didn't even have coffee. But there's one thing I won't lose, this thing here (*he slapped his motorcycle*).
Q: Would you like a cigarette?
A: Very much. I haven't smoked one since yesterday. And the German planes always over our heads. And not one French plane. I tell you, there are no French fliers. *On n'a jamais été si trahi—pauvre France!*

We drove further, ten yards at a time. During one of the repeated machine gun attacks by German planes, we came across three young girls with their bicycles in a ditch by the side of the road where we had stretched ourselves out.

Q: Where do you come from?
A: Belleville, Menilmuche, Gros Cailloux (*three working-class and petty bourgeois districts of Paris, the second of which is called Menilmontant, but in argot, Menilmuche*).
Q: Are you tired?
A: Not a bit, only dirty. (*The girls were not at all dirty, but they had been unable to put on make-up.*)
Q: Are you friends?
A: We first got to know each other after Montlery. The Germans bombarded the place, and we lay in the fields together three hours, just like here. After that we traveled together.
Q: Where on earth are you going?
A: Makes no difference.
Q: Why?
A: Ah bah! what can you do in Panama (*argot for Paris*)?
Q: What did you use to do there?
A: (1) I was a stock girl at Valrose's (a fashionable dress shop); they would have given me the gate anyway. And then—the Boches are there. (2) Salesgirl in the Galeries Lafayette. To hell with it! (3) Cashier in a cafe in Montmartre. They didn't fire me, but I got out anyway, *tant pis!*

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Q: Would anything have happened to you in Paris? You're all pretty girls, though. Why did you run away?

A: (1) I don't want to stay with the Boches. (2) They'll die of hunger in Paris. (3) Not to have anything to eat, certainly no work, and the mugs of the Boches (*ces gueules des Boches*)—merci. And besides, I don't want to sleep with any Boche.

Q: Why would you have to?

A: I heard that they're going to sleep with all the women.

Q: How do you know in the first place that they're coming to Paris?

A: (*all three laughed bitterly*) They are already there. We've been sold out. Another revolution is needed all over again to show all those dirty dogs how things ought to be done (*pour faire la loi à ces salauds*), but it's too late.

Q: Aren't you afraid of the shooting?

A: That'll stop again. It was worse at Montlery.

Q: But where are you going?

A: Maybe to Nice, maybe to Bordeaux, wherever there are no Boches.

Q: Have you anything with you—money?

A: (*all three laughed*) We haven't anything, not even stockings. We'll wash our underwear when we get over the Loire. Let's hope it doesn't rain. We haven't a thing, no money either. If this wheel will only stand up I'll get along, and when we've washed ourselves we won't stink any more.

The following conversation took place with an artillery sergeant met that day on the same road.

Q: Where are you taking your gun?

A: They say, to new positions. You can be sure it's a swindle. There are no new positions.

Q: Why?

A: Because there weren't even any old positions.

Q: Did you do much firing?

A: Not a shot since La Fere-Champenoise. Six shots before Reims, and near Fontainebleau we lost the rest of our ammunition.

Q: That seems to have been a funny sort of campaign.

A: Not so funny, at that. No officers, no orders, the Boches always on our tails and nothing to fight with. It was no joke, believe me. (*C'est pas de rigolo, je vous le dit!*)

Q: How did it happen?

A: How it happened? Man, it was that way from the beginning. We were already running away like rabbits last September. The general staff was full of nothing but traitors and lunatics (*que des traitres et des cons*). They sold out all France. The Boches didn't have an army before them, only a pile of crap (*une coyonnade*). They fired and we packed up. There was no help for it—we had to lose, that's what the gang wanted. *La France est pourrie, je vous le dit, et l'armée avec, et surtout les officiers. Voilà tout.*

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Toward midnight we arrived at Puiseaux. The little town was pitch black, and filled to overflowing with refugees, most of them from Paris. Cars stood everywhere. Families and small groups lay in the streets (one stumbled over them in the dark), but especially under rows of trees opposite a gas works and in the two squares. The inhabitants were packing their things and anyone who asked for shelter or even for water was rudely refused. Many of the inhabitants had already gone, leaving behind them locked houses. Hungry dogs wandered through the streets, howling. Before a wide house door through which could be seen a lighted storeroom filled with all kinds of food: canned goods, rice, grain, flour, bottles of mineral water, etc.—stood a soldier. My woman companion and I saw the proprietor and spoke to him.

Q: Do you have a corner here in which we could spend the night?

A: Go away. This isn't a hotel.

Q: If there were a hotel nobody would come to you. We've been traveling all day, and we've been shot at all day. The lady is at the end of her strength and must get some sleep.

A: So much the worse for her.

Q: The storehouse is big enough for three dozen people.

A: I'm locking it up in an hour.

Q: But you can let it stay open. Three dozen people can sleep in it.

A: Clear out of here. I'm packing my things and getting out in an hour.

Q: Don't be a pig. If you're going away anyhow, you can leave the storeroom open.

A: So that the spies (*les espions*) will steal everything.

Q: What spies?

A: This pack of refugees, these dirty Parisians, these looters.

Q: Have you gone crazy? Why don't you stay here then?

A: The Boches are coming.

Q: And you think they'll watch over your store?

A: Clear out. You're taking up my time. I have to go. The Boches are coming.

At this point the soldier interfered. He was flushed with irritation and in such a rage that tears stood in his eyes.

Soldier: (*loudly, to the Proprietor*) You scoundrels ought to have your heads bashed in, you dirty, miserly hogs! I wanted a glass of water, and some dog asked me 20 francs for it.

Proprietor: Clear out, you! I have to pack. The Boches are coming!

I: But let us sleep here. You ass, don't you realize that your storeroom is safer with someone in it than if you lock it up. There are thousands of hungry people around here. Do you really think they're going to be afraid to break in and eat up your goods?

Proprietor: Out of my way! The Boches are coming. I'd rather have the Boches here with me gone than give you lousy refugees anything.

The soldier had no ammunition; otherwise he would have shot the man down without the slightest hesitation.

The next day several shops in the place were forced open. Puiseaux

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had about 2000 inhabitants, who were almost without exception well to do. More than half of these disappeared during the night. The food and provision dealers who had not yet fled stood before their doors while their goods rotted inside. Meanwhile their families packed. The hungry refugees wandered from store to store, and were everywhere turned away in the same despicable fashion.

Towards midday several large food stores, where signs hung saying: "Sold out. No goods on hand. Proprietor mobilized."—and before whose doors a disgraceful bargaining over soup croutons had been going on only two hours before—were broken open by French soldiers and found to contain surprisingly large stocks of provisions, utensils, table linen, and even gasoline. All these were distributed among the people crowding about the stores, loudly cursing the departed merchants who would rather have left their hoarded goods to the Germans than to the refugees from Paris. On the main street a great column of military trucks had halted. Its escort consisted of Senegalese riflemen who gazed sadly at the excited Frenchmen. Lines of civilians, on foot, on bicycle, and pushing baby carriages, slowly made their way through the main street in the direction of the Loire by way of Montargis. A tremendous panic was caused by machine gun fire from a lone German plane.

The inhabitants of Puiseaux who had remained behind—there were perhaps 600 to 800 of them—ran from one store to another taking whatever they could. But all they talked of was the "frightful looting" carried on by the refugees—the "Parisians."

By chance we were able to secure lodgings in the house of a not very prosperous gardener—only because we managed to convince him and his fear-crazed wife that it would be unwise to flee on foot. Their relatives had all gone already.

Over the dinner table the following conversation took place. The room was filled with things that had been taken almost without exception from the looted shops.

Q: Why did you want to go away yesterday?
A: They said the Boches were coming today.
Q: And what do you think they would do to you?
A: Won't they loot?
Q: What can they take from you?
A: My God, even the French loot now! Can you believe it? They stole Mother Bontemps' hens, and some of those evil women even stole bed linen. *Ces parisiens sont tous des pillards.*
Q: But what was looted?
A: They took everything at Mother Guyot's! And what goods were there! Who would have dreamed of it! For weeks there wasn't any oil in the whole town—and there she had at least 300 bottles. Isn't that terrible? They looted everything—silver, sugar. She still had 500 kilos of sugar in her store, can you imagine? And there wasn't any sugar to be had for so long. But they're bad people, these refugees, these Parisians. They took everything. It was such a shame, wasn't it?

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Q: Aren't you satisfied that you didn't run away?
A: Oh yes! Just think, suppose they had looted our place! Will the Germans take all our money? We've hidden ours well.

On the 17th of June, towards noon, the Germans reached Puiseaux. A very small detachment appeared which took prisoner twenty times as many French soldiers, though not a single officer was among them. The only soldier who offered any resistance was a black Senegalese rifleman, who had taken seriously the exhortations of his French officers—while they were still around. The young Negro fired at the Germans, who machine gunned the whole group of Senegalese. Soon after I had the following conversation with my hostess.

Hostess: I saw three Boches today. Oh but we have to say "Germans" now instead of "Boches."

I: Well, what did you see?

Hostess: They said nothing. But they're very pretty lads. (*I might interrupt here to say that first of all the young German soldiers were not pretty, secondly they said nothing because they could not speak French, and finally they wore very bad, dirty and cheap uniforms.*)

Hostess: Pretty lads. They said nothing. They conducted themselves very correctly. They're going to punish all looters. That's good. What do you say? Wasn't it a shame? The French plundered us of everything, the Parisians and all those refugees. But the German will bring order. They say also that they are going to repair the water system.

(*The Mayor of the town had kept out of sight until the Germans came. The refugees had not concerned him at all. Somehow he had got the idea that they had no need of water, so he had had the gas works guarded to prevent water being drawn from its tanks. The Germans had rooted him out and forced him to take some measures to provide food and clean the town. Until then he had not troubled himself in the least about the filth that lay about in the streets and which might have caused an epidemic.*)

Hostess: The Germans are taking all bicycles. But only the good ones. Our neighbor left his motorcycle behind and we had to hide it. I don't understand what the Germans need bicycles for. But they conduct themselves very correctly. I saw three on the street. They said nothing. It's sad that it should have come to this, isn't it? And the Parisians plundered us completely. The Germans have no patience with looting. That's what they said to the Mayor.

Here the hostess's brother, a feeble-minded man, interrupted.

Brother: Today we buried a black man. And a young fellow. They were dead, because the Germans had fired. There was no coffin to be had, so we just covered them with earth. And there was no one there either to watch. And a woman had a baby just when the Boches were coming in Pisyeau (*dialect for Puiseaux*). In the square, just like that. *Et pis, c'est tout.*

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Several days later the following conversation took place at our gardener's.

Brother: Today we found two black men (*no-aires in dialect*).

Hostess: What are you talking about, Louis? You always talk such nonsense.

Brother: It's true. We found two black men. They already smelled bad. They had melted in the sun. *Et pis, c'est tout.*

Hostess: (*loudly*) What are you talking about? What black men?

Brother: Two dead ones (*deux macchabes*). In the field, hihi. We smelled them out because they stank so.

Hostess: What field?

Brother: Mother Quatsous', hers. Just inside it. They had been wounded, and they had hid in the field. It was too hot and they melted. They almost poured out of our hands, they were so soft.

I: Did anyone find out who they were?

Brothers C'était deux no-aires!

I: Two soldiers?

Brother: Ben oui, deux soldats, quo-é; deux no-aires!

I: Well, what did you do with the bodies?

Brother: We shoveled dirt over them. They stank so.

I: Didn't you find out who they were?

Brother: But I tell you, they were two black men.

I: But being soldiers, they must have had identity discs. Did you look for them?

Brother: Tiens, we didn't know that the blacks have *plaques d'idiotie.* (*This was the man's literal reply. He was not a bad man; it was simply that it had not penetrated his head that a Senegalese was also a French soldier and a man. That he said plaque d'idiotie instead of plaque d'identité was perhaps only a characteristic speech defect of this weak-minded man.*)

I: Don't you think that these two soldiers have parents or relatives in Africa who expect news of them?

Hostess: Tiens, do you really think so?

I: Of course.

Hostess: I saw three Germans today. One of them said to me, *'Pon Chour, Madame.'* (*She imitated a German accent.*) And another said, *'Guerre finie, Madame, retour Allemagne, femme, gosses!'* They have children in Germany, the poor things. Their relatives probably haven't heard from them for a long time. Isn't that terrible? But neither have I had any news of Jean and Georges. I hope they weren't captured. (*These were her two sons.*)

Brother: The two black men were already stinking. There are supposed to be three others still in the field there, further back, in Mother Quatsou's field. We'll soon smell them out. It's terribly hot. *Et pis, c'est tout.*

(Translated from the German)

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The Dry Salvages

T. S. Eliot

(The Dry Salvages—presumably *les trois sauvages*—is a small group of rocks, with a beacon, off the N.E. coast of Cape Ann, Massachusetts. *Salvages* is pronounced to rhyme with *assuages*. *Groaner:* a whistling buoy. The Gloucester fishing fleet of schooners, manned by Yankees, Irish or Portuguese, has been superseded by motor trawlers.)

I.

I do not know much about gods; but I think that the river
Is a strong brown god—sullen, untamed and intractable,
Patient to some degree, at first recognised as a frontier;
Useful, untrustworthy, as a conveyor of commerce;
Then only a problem confronting the builder of bridges.
The problem once solved, the brown god is almost forgotten
By the dwellers in cities—ever, however, implacable,
Keeping his seasons and rages, destroyer, reminder
Of what men choose to forget. Unhonoured, unpropitiated
By worshippers of the machine, but waiting, watching and waiting.
His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,
In the rank ailanthus of the April dooryard,
In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,
And the evening circle in the winter gaslight.

The river is within us, the sea is all about us;
The sea is the land's edge also, the granite
Into which it reaches, the beaches where it tosses
Its hints of earlier and other creation:
The starfish, the hermit crab, the whale's backbone;
The pools where it offers to our curiosity
The more delicate algae and the sea anemone.
It tosses up our losses, the torn seine,
The shattered lobsterpot, the broken oar

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And the gear of foreign dead men. The sea has many voices,
Many gods and many voices.
The salt is on the briar rose,
The fog is in the fir trees.
The sea howl
And the sea yelp, are different voices
Often together heard; the whine in the rigging,
The menace and caress of wave that breaks on water,
The distant rote in the granite teeth,
And the wailing warning from the approaching headland
Are all sea voices, and the heaving groaner
Rounded homewards, and the seagull:
And under the oppression of the silent fog
The tolling bell
Measures time not our time, rung by the unhurried
Ground swell, a time
Older than the time of chronometers, older
Than time counted by anxious worried women
Lying awake, calculating the future,
Trying to unweave, unwind, unravel
And piece together the past and the future,
Between midnight and dawn, when the past is all deception,
The future futureless, before the morning watch
When time stops and time is never ending;
And the ground swell, that is and was from the beginning,
Clangs
The bell.

II.

Where is there an end of it, the soundless wailing,
The silent withering of autumn flowers
Dropping their petals and remaining motionless;
Where is there an end to the drifting wreckage,
The prayer of the bone on the beach, the unprayable
Prayer at the calamitous annunciation?

There is no end, but addition: the trailing
Consequence of further days and hours,
While emotion takes to itself the emotionless
Years of living among the breakage

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Of what was believed in as the most reliable—
And therefore the fittest for renunciation.

There is the final addition, the failing
Pride or resentment at failing powers,
The unattached devotion which might pass for devotionless,
In a drifting boat with a slow leakage,
The silent listening to the undeniable
Clamour of the bell of the last annunciation.

Where is the end of them, the fishermen sailing
Into the wind's tail, where the fog cowers
We cannot think of a time that is oceanless
Or of an ocean not littered with wastage
Or of a future that is not liable
Like the past, to have no destination.

We have to think of them as forever bailing,
Setting and hauling, while the North East lowers
Over shallow banks unchanging and erosionless
Or drawing their money, drying sails at dockage;
Not as making a trip that will be unpayable
For a haul that will not bear examination.

There is no end of it, the voiceless wailing,
No end to the withering of withered flowers,
To the movement of pain that is painless and motionless,
To the drift of the sea and the drifting wreckage,
The bone's prayer to Death its God. Only the hardly, barely prayable
Prayer of the one Annunciation.

It seems, as one becomes older,
That the past has another pattern, and ceases to be a mere sequence—
Or even development: the latter a partial fallacy
Encouraged by superficial notions of evolution
Which becomes, in the popular mind, a means of disowning the past.

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The moments of happiness—not the sense of well-being,
Fruition, fulfillment, security or affection,
Or even a very good dinner, but the sudden illumination—
We had the experience but missed the meaning,
And approach to the meaning restores the experience
In a different form, beyond any meaning
We can assign to happiness. I have said before
That the past experience revived in the meaning
Is not the experience of one life only
But of many generations—not forgetting
Something that is probably quite ineffable:
The backward look behind the assurance
Of recorded history, the backward half-look
Over the shoulder, towards the primitive terror.
Now, we come to discover that the moments of agony
(Whether, or not, due to misunderstanding,
Having hoped for the wrong things or dreaded the wrong things,
Is not in question) are likewise permanent
With such permanence as time has. We appreciate this better
In the agony of others, nearly experienced,
Involving ourselves, than in our own.
For our own past is covered by the currents of action,
But the torment of others remains an experience
Unqualified, unworn by subsequent attrition.
People change, and smile: but the agony abides.
Time the destroyer is time the preserver,
Like the river with its cargo of dead Negroes, cows and chicken coops,
The bitter apple and the bite in the apple.
And the ragged rock in the restless waters,
Waves wash over it, fogs conceal it;
On a halcyon day it is merely a monument,
In navigable weather it is always a seamark
To lay a course by: but in the sombre season
Or the sudden fury, is what it always was.

III.

I sometimes wonder if that is what Krishna meant—
Among other things—or one way of putting the same thing:

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That the future is a faded song, a Royal Rose or a lavender spray
Of wistful regret for those who are not yet here to regret,
Pressed between yellow leaves of a book that has never been opened.
And the way up is the way down, the way forward is the way back.
You cannot face it steadily, but this thing is sure,
That time is no healer: the patient is no longer here.
When the train starts, and the passengers are settled
To fruit, periodicals and business letters
(And those who saw them off have left the platform)
Their faces relax from grief into relief,
To the sleepy rhythm of a hundred hours.
Fare forward, travellers! not escaping from the past
Into different lives, or into any future;
You are not the same people who left that station
Or who will arrive at any terminus,
While the narrowing rails slide together behind you;
And on the deck of the drumming liner
Watching the furrow that widens behind you,
You shall not think "the past is finished"
Or "the future is before us."
At nightfall, in the rigging and the aerial,
Is a voice descanting (though not to the ear,
The murmuring shell of time, and not in any language)
"Fare forward, you who think that you are voyaging;
You are not those who saw the harbour
Receding, or those who will disembark.
Here between the hither and the further shore
While time is withdrawn, consider the future
And the past with an equal mind.
At the moment which is not of action or inaction
You can receive this: 'on whatever sphere of being
The mind of a man may be intent
At the time of death'—that is the one action
(And the time of death is every moment)
Which shall fructify in the lives of others:
And do not think of the fruit of action.
Fare forward.
O voyagers, O seamen,

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You who come to port, and you whose bodies
Will suffer the trial and judgement of the sea,
Or whatever event, this is your real destination."
So Krishna, as when he admonished Arjuna
On the field of battle.
Not fare well,
But fare forward, voyagers.

IV.

Lady, whose shrine stands on the promontory,
Pray for all those who are in ships, those
Whose business has to do with fish, and
Those concerned with every lawful traffic
And those who conduct them.

Repeat a prayer also on behalf of
Women who have seen their sons or husbands
Setting forth, and not returning:
Figlia del suo figlio,
Queen of Heaven.

Also pray for those who were in ships, and
Ended their voyage on the sand, in the sea's lips
Or in the dark throat which will not reject them
Or wherever cannot reach them the sound of the sea bell's
Perpetual angelus.

V.

To communicate with Mars, converse with spirits,
To report the behaviour of the sea monster,
Describe the horoscope, haruspicate or scry,
Observe disease in signatures, evoke
Biography from the wrinkles of the palm
And tragedy from fingers; release omens
By sortilege, or tea leaves, riddle the inevitable
With playing cards, fiddle with pentagrams
Or barbituric acids, or dissect
The recurrent image into pre-conscious terrors—
To explore the womb, or tomb, or dreams; all these are usual
Pastimes and drugs, and features of the press:
And always will be, some of them especially

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When there is distress of nations and perplexity
Whether on the shores of Asia, or in the Edgware Road.
Men's curiosity searches past and future
And clings to that dimension. But to apprehend
The point of intersection of the timeless
With time, is an occupation for the saint—
No occupation either, but something given
And taken, in a lifetime's death in love,
Ardour and selflessness and self-surrender.
For most of us, there is only the unattended
Moment, the moment in and out of time,
The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight,
The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning
Or the waterfall, or music heard so deeply
That it is not heard at all, but you are the music
While the music lasts. These are only hints and guesses,
Hints followed by guesses; and the rest
Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action.
The hint half guessed, the gift half understood, is Incarnation.
Here the impossible union
Of spheres of existence is actual,
Here the past and future
Are conquered, and reconciled,
Where action were otherwise movement
Of that which is only moved
And has in it no source of movement—
Driven by dæmonic, chthonic
Powers. And right action is freedom
From past and future also.
For most of us, this is the aim
Never here to be realised;
Who are only undefeated
Because we have gone on trying;
We, content at the last
If our temporal reversion nourish
(Not too far from the yew-tree)
The life of significant soil.

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The Theory of the Managerial Revolution*

James Burnham

EDITORIAL NOTE: *For reasons beyond our control, we are unable to present in this issue the articles, already announced in this series, by Paul Mattick and Guenter Reimann. We plan to present their point of view in the next issue.*

IT IS REMARKABLE that the catastrophic events of the past decade have not stimulated a positive and systematic revision of our general ideas about what is happening in the world. Surely no previous decade has ever crowded within its brief limits developments of such magnitude as the consolidation of Stalinism, the rise of Nazism, the New Deal, the invasion of China, and the second world war. If we are honest, we must recognize that no one anticipated, with any plausible concreteness, these events. In any field of scientific inquiry other than history, such a lack of correspondence between expectation and fact would have led to the conclusion that the theories upon which expectations had been founded were false or at the least inadequate. But, apparently, we are not very anxious to be scientific about history. We seek from history salvation rather than knowledge, forgetting that genuine salvation can be based only on knowledge.

Orthodox bourgeois and orthodox Marxist thinkers alike take note of events—after they have happened—and are content to "reaffirm" principles which have failed to meet the test of actual experience. We ought to begin to suspect that orthodox bourgeois and Marxist thinkers have been driven together into a corner where their only remaining effort is to escape from reality.

It is true that during recent years a number of ex-Marxists—

*This article states in condensed form part of the thesis which is elaborated in a book published this Spring by John Day Company under the title of *The Managerial Revolution*. In a short space I cannot pretend even to formulate the theory completely, much less to present adequately the argument and evidence. I shall hope, however, to make the general point of view intelligible.

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Eastman, Hook, Corey, Utley are examples—having been trying to break into new ground. Their negative critique of Marxist theory has been astute and, much of it, convincing. Nevertheless, in their work so far—and this is perhaps not unnatural—there have been two deficiencies. None of them has yet tried, in any but the sketchiest way, to present a positive substitute for, or reformulation of, Marxist theory. And, second, they have failed to separate, with the clarity plainly required, the moral problem of desirable political program from the descriptive problem of what actually seems to be happening in the world. It is this latter problem which alone concerns me here; and with respect to it, new ideas seem emerging at the present time neither from Marxist nor from bourgeois thought, but, so far as they are present at all, from a quite different source: from the anarchist tradition, and from the tradition—by no means unrelated to anarchism—of such writers as Pareto whose historical origins are perhaps to be found in Machiavelli.

I believe that we now have at our disposal enough evidence to answer, at least roughly and with a fair probability, this question of what is happening in the world, the question of the character of the present period of major social transition and its probable outcome. To give such an answer in detail cannot be the work of single individuals; it requires a cooperative effort. It may, however, be possible to reach some measure of agreement about the general direction in which the answer is to be sought.

2.

During the past several generations, most of the writers in the fields of sociology, politics and economics who have abandoned the exceedingly naive assumption that the capitalist organization of society is eternal have accepted, implicitly or explicitly, a second assumption that is often expressed as follows: capitalism and socialism are "the only alternatives" for modern society; either capitalism will continue or socialism will replace it. It should be remarked that the two terms in this presumed alternative have an unlike status. What "capitalism" means we are able to know from experience, by generalizing the chief characteristics of post-Renaissance society, which we are all agreed in calling capitalist. What "socialism" means, on the other hand, we know only from defini-

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tion, since there has never been a socialist society. Nevertheless, almost everyone agrees on the definition: socialist society is economically classless, politically democratic, and international (or at the least, internationalist).

The assumption that capitalism and socialism are the sole alternatives is by no means confined to Marxists and others who *favor* socialism from a programmatic and moral standpoint. It is shared by many who oppose socialism and who fight against it. The most ardent defender of capitalism will usually agree with the firmest revolutionary that if capitalism goes it will be socialism that takes its place.

The acceptance of this assumption dictates the broad lines of the interpretation of contemporary events, and the expectations of the future. The significance of events is found in their relation to one or the other of the alternatives. What happens is understood as *of* capitalism or *from* capitalism, as toward or away from socialism, as strengthening or weakening capitalism, bringing socialism nearer or pushing it farther off.

During the past generation, and especially during the past decade, this mode of interpretation, based upon and required by this assumption, has become more and more inadequate, less and less able to answer plausibly the problems raised by what is happening. To an ever increasing extent it becomes confusing, distorting, and sterile. It demanded that we regard the Russian Revolution of 1917 as a *socialist* revolution, and predict that it would move either further toward socialism or back toward the restoration of capitalism. In fact, the post-1917 Russian social organization has done neither; but we are compelled by our assumption to *say* that it has done one or the other, and to waste time in such altogether fruitless disputes as that over whether Russia is today a "workers' (socialist) state" or a "capitalist state"—since these are the only terms admitted by our assumption. Germany did not become socialist through Nazism, and we are therefore compelled to distort terminology, sense and facts into caricatures in order to "explain" that Nazism is a "new form" of capitalism. In our interpretation of the New Deal in this country, we have at our disposal only the same narrow alternative. We can say, as many say, that the New Deal is "disguised socialism"—and no one should doubt the impenetrability of the disguise; or we can argue that it is

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merely a special form of "finance-capitalism," in which case we lapse into mysticism when asked why nine-tenths of the capitalists of the nation oppose it. Above all does the second world war leave us floundering. From its beginning, from the day of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, in the military, diplomatic, political, social-economic developments, our assumption makes the second world war unintelligible, and makes impossible an even roughly accurate anticipation of future events.

3.

When an assumption is made explicit, it becomes possible to examine it critically, and, if this seems advisable, to reject it. If the assumption of "either capitalism or socialism" is merely verbal—that is, if it means only that we are resolved to *call* any possible change in social organization either "socialism" or "capitalism"—then of course the assumption cannot be disproved. We can at most suggest that this verbal restriction is likely to be confusing.

But this particular assumption may easily be re-interpreted. We can understand its content not as an assumption, but as two different descriptive theories or hypotheses about what is probably going to happen, to be judged by the available evidence. Thus translated, the assumption divides into: (1) the theory that capitalism will continue for the next historical period (let us say, at least several generations); (2) the theory that capitalism will be replaced by socialism in the comparatively near future (let us say, in the next decade or so).

These two theories are not *contradictories* but *contraries*. That is, though one of them must be false, both of them may be false. It is logically possible that neither of them is true, and that a third hypothesis may be formulated which, on the basis of the evidence, is more probable than either of them.

What is at issue here is not, we should note, a question of *program*. Neither of these hypotheses—nor any additional alternative hypotheses—raises any problem of what "ought to be," of whether the continuance of capitalism would be "good" or "bad," whether we "ought" to fight for socialism, or what program "ought" to be adopted by men of good will. The problem is simply one of fact, of what, on the basis of the evidence now at our disposal, is most likely to happen.

By now, the theory that capitalism is going to continue much

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longer is, from a scientific point of view, hardly worth the bother of refuting. Capitalism, considered on a world scale, is already half gone, and completing its disappearance before our eyes. In Russia, with a sixth of the earth's land surface and about a twelfth of its population, nearly everyone grants that capitalism is already pretty well eliminated. And in all other nations, even those which we can still justifiably call capitalist, new institutional structures are well on their way toward the replacement of the institutions of capitalism. Mass unemployment, an impasse in agriculture, idle capital funds, the inability to exploit subject territories profitably, the inability to use the productive plant and new inventions and technological improvements, the disorganization of the financial system, the loss of confidence by the capitalists themselves, and the loss of mass appeal by the capitalist ideologies, all signalize the end of the capitalist organization of society in a manner similar to that in which analogous symptoms have signalized the end of other social orders in other times.

The theory that socialism is going to replace capitalism, in spite of its being widely believed, has seldom had much evidence presented in its favor. Belief in the theory has been based ordinarily on reasoning that could be put as the following syllogism: Capitalism is going to end soon (which we may grant); capitalism and socialism are "the sole alternatives"; therefore socialism is going to come. Formally, this syllogism is valid. The trouble with it is the second premise, which is once more our assumption. Rejecting the assumption, as assumption, the syllogism has no relevance to the actual problem: whether, on the evidence, it is probable that socialism is coming.

Most of those who believe that socialism is coming, including most Marxists with the exception, perhaps, of Marx, have tended to accept another assumption, with the help of which their case has been given a coating of strength. This is the assumption that the elimination of private property rights in the instruments of production is a guarantee, a sufficient condition, of socialism. Since it is manifest that private property rights in the instruments of production are being rapidly eliminated, and since there is no reason to expect any reversal of this world trend, these facts, together with the new assumption, are enough to prove that socialism is coming.

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But the new assumption is not in the least more justified than the other. We have in history numerous examples of exploiting or class societies, and non-democratic societies, where there have not been private property rights in the instruments of production. Control over (that is, property rights in) the instruments of production has been vested in a corporate body (for example, the body of priests or ancients), not in individuals as such. Nor are the examples confined to ancient or primitive history. Present-day Russia shows plainly, to anyone who wants to see, that there is no necessary connection between private property rights and exploitation or class division. The Russian events *prove* that the elimination of private property rights in the instruments of production is not a guarantee, a sufficient condition, of socialism, since in Russia these rights are eliminated and there is not socialism—that is, a society which is economically classless and politically democratic.

With these two question-begging assumptions dropped, the case for the hypothesis that socialism is coming is extremely weak, almost non-existent. The fact that many of us would *like* it to come, think it the best possible form of society, consider it the only "rational solution" to the major social problems and conflicts, does not, as we know from historical experience, have any particular weight as evidence that it *will* come. It is not at all true that socialism and socialists have "never had a chance." On the contrary, socialism, and all branches of the movements professing socialist society as an ideal and aim have had many chances. And all of these chances have resulted in either betrayal or failure, usually both. Each branch of the movement will admit this of all other branches; together their admissions cover the lot.

The Leninist wing has taken state power by revolutionary means and held it (Russia), but has not built socialism or toward socialism; and it has taken state power and lost it (Hungary), not to speak of failing to take it when it might have done so (Germany, China, Spain). The reformist wing has often been in charge of the government (Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Austria, France, England, New Zealand) but socialism has not appeared or even been approached. The anarchists have had their chances in Spain.

During the past generation, the working class, which must be presumed to be the main social force active in any possible

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transition to socialism, has had its social position progressively undermined. This has resulted from a falling off of its relative numbers, the presence of large-scale unemployment, and technological changes which reduce the relative importance of the working class in production. In addition, the development of new techniques of production, of propaganda and political rule, of military technique and strategy, all decrease the elements of potential power available to the working class.

During the past decade, a large part of the Marxist and other socialism-inspired movements has been wiped out. The only important section remaining is the Stalinist, which experience has proved to be an influence in no way moving toward socialism.

At the same time, the socialist ideologies have lost their power to move the masses, as it proved by their inability to make headway against rival ideologies—Stalinist and especially fascist.

There does not, in general, seem to be any positive evidence worth mentioning in the events of the past generation that substantiates the hypothesis that socialism is coming.

Both the theory that capitalism will continue and the theory that socialism will come, are, on the basis of the available evidence, in extremely poor shape. However convincing they may once have been as speculation, historical developments since 1914 simply do not bear either of them out; on the contrary, actual historical developments have run counter to both of them. This, by itself, would not be enough to prove both of them false. If there were no alternative theory, more probable on the evidence than either of them, then we should still have to accept the more probable of the two. But there is a third alternative (or rather a third group of alternative theories), which needs little more than to be formulated to be recognized as far more probable than either, much more plausible in the interpretation it permits of the data of the past, and more convincing in its predictions of the future.

4.

This third alternative I call "the theory of the managerial revolution," though naturally the name is of no importance. My own formulation must be understood as only one among several possible variants of a more general type of hypothesis that might be more exactly presented in somewhat different terms. This theory,

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or type of theory, is not at all an arbitrary speculation. It is based upon what has actually been happening in the world, especially since the beginning of the first world war. It explains, with reasonable and reasonably systematic plausibility, what has been happening; and through this explanation predicts, roughly, what is going to happen.

The theory may be summarized briefly as follows:

We are now in the midst of a major social transition (revolution), during which, as in other major transitions, the chief economic and political institutions in society, the dominant ideologies, and the class relations, are being sharply and rapidly altered. This transition is *from* the structure of society which we call capitalist—that is, a structure characterized economically by "private enterprise," the owner-"wage worker" relation, production for individual profit, regulation of production as a whole by "the market" rather than by deliberate human control, and so on; characterized politically by the existence of numerous sovereign national states, strong in their own political sphere but *limited* as to their intervention into other spheres of life, especially the economic sphere, and by typical parliamentary institutions; characterized in terms of class relations through the position of private capitalists as the ruling class; and characterized ideologically by the prominence of individualist and "natural rights" notions in widespread social beliefs.

The transition, which it is well to emphasize is already in midcourse, is *to* a type of society that I call "managerial." The economic structure of managerial society is to be based upon state ownership of the chief means of production, in contrast to the predominantly private ownership of the means of production in capitalist society. The new economy will be an exploiting (class) economy; but, instead of exploitation's taking place directly, as in capitalism, through ownership vested in individuals, it takes place indirectly, through control of the state by the new ruling class, the state in turn owning and controlling the means of production.*

*Some of the possible mechanisms of this new mode of exploitation, as they have been developed in Russia, are clearly shown in Freda Utley's very interesting recent book, *The Dream We Lost.* Trotsky, committed to the view that Russia is a "workers' state," was forced to hold that Russia's rulers got their heavy share of the national income through fraud and graft, that Russia has a "fraud economy"—since, by definition, there could not be "exploitation" in a workers' (socialized) state. Miss Utley's analysis shows how superficial was this opinion to which Trotsky was driven by his unshakable faith in the "either capitalism or socialism" assumption.

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Through the new economic structure, as we already see from the examples of Russia and Germany, mass unemployment can be done away with, capital funds released from idleness, foreign trade carried on (by, for example, barter methods) at what would be an intolerable loss for capitalism, exploitation of backward territories and peoples resumed and stepped up, and the *capitalist* type of economic crisis eliminated. What is in question here is not whether we approve of the means whereby these ends are achieved (we might, from a moral standpoint, prefer unemployment to state labor camps), but merely the observation that they are achieved. They are achieved, moreover, not through the cleverness of individual leaders, but through new institutional arrangements which remove the private profit requirements that have brought a dying capitalism to mass unemployment, idle funds and dried-up trade. There is thus every reason to believe that the achievements are not episodic, but a consequence of the newly rising structure of society.

Within any society, primary social power is in general held by those persons who have the chief measure of control over the instruments of production. Nevertheless, in the political order, power or "sovereignty" cannot simply float in the air; it must be concretized or "localized" in some definite human institution which is recognized and accepted by the given society as the body from which laws, decrees, and rules properly issue. There is a natural enough tendency for each major structure of society to develop its own typical sort of institution to serve this function of the localization of sovereignty. All historians recognize the great symptomatic importance of what might be described as the "shift in the localization of sovereignty" which occurs as a phase of every social transition (revolution). As the old order decays, sovereignty departs from the institution where it has been localized, and comes to rest in a new type of institution which, though it exists as a rule within the old order, is there secondary in influence and in reality representative of the new order that is on its way up.

Under capitalism, political sovereignty has been most typically "localized" in parliaments (or some similar sort of institution, by whatever name it may have been called). Parliaments have been the "law-makers" of capitalism. During the generation since the first world war, sovereignty has been quickly shifting away from parliaments, and in most nations today parliamentary

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sovereignty has ended. In the new, managerial society, we can already see that sovereignty is to be localized where it has been in fact coming to rest, in the administrative commissions, boards, bureaus, of the new *unlimited* state.

In place of the dominant ideologies of capitalism, focusing around the concepts and slogans of "natural rights," "free enterprise," "private initiative," "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and other offspring of "individualism," the ideologies of managerial society will focus around such concepts and slogans as the collectivity ("state," "race," "proletariat," "people"), "human rights *vs.* property rights," "discipline," "order," "sacrifice," and so on. As examples of early variants of managerial ideologies may be cited Leninism-Stalinism (Bolshevism), fascism-Nazism, and, at a still more primitive level, New Dealism.

The managerial social structure will mean the reduction to impotence, and finally the disappearance, or virtual disappearance, of the class of capitalists (to say that capitalist institutions will disappear is at the same time to say that capitalists will disappear). Within the new structure, the new ruling class—that is, those who have the principal control over the instruments of production and who get the principal differential rewards from the products of those instruments (for such persons are what we mean by the ruling class in any society)—will be the managers together with their bureaucratic colleagues in the strictly political movement. Under the institutions of managerial society, with the unlimited state at once the sovereign political and the controlling economic apparatus, these two latter groups (managers and bureaucrats) will be on the whole fused.

By "managers" I mean those who for the most part are already actually managing production nowadays, whether within the narrowing sphere of private enterprise or the expanding arena of state enterprise: the production executives, administrative engineers, supervisory technicians, plant co-ordinators, government bureau heads and commissioners and administrators. Under modern technological conditions, these managers (or administrators) are seldom identical as persons (as they usually used to be) with the capitalists, are not themselves capitalists; and in any event there is no necessary connection of any kind between the managerial and the capitalist *functions* in the total economic process.

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To employ for a moment the metaphorical language of the class struggle: Just as once the early capitalists built up their power "within the womb of feudal society," but found that their power could not be consolidated and extended without smashing the foundations of feudalism; so the managers have built up their power within the womb of capitalism—more and more *de facto* power coming into their hands as the capitalists proper, pushed by technological, social and moral changes, withdraw from production to finance to economic idleness. For more than six hundred years, from the fourteenth century until the first world war, the curve of capitalist social domination rose without interruption. The end of every decade found a greater percentage of the total economy subject to capitalist rule and capitalist social relations than the beginning. During the course of the first world war, the curve turned catastrophically downward. The Russian Revolution snatched at one stroke a sixth of the world's surface and a twelfth of its population away from the capitalists and capitalism. The Nazis, it turns out, though more slowly are bringing about the same result in an even more decisive section of world economy. And in all nations, rapid structural changes are reducing everywhere both the area of the economy subject to capitalist relations as well as the degree of control exercised by the capitalists. The continuous economic process is abruptly accentuated, but not altered in direction, by political explosions.

The managers cannot consolidate their power without smashing the foundations of capitalism. Whether the managers themselves realize it or not, their problem can be solved only by doing away with "private enterprise" and parliamentarism,* and replacing them by state economy and government by boards and bureaus. In the process, the managers do not, of course, do the actual fighting or construct the appropriate ideologies, any more than did the early capitalists. The masses do the fighting and intellectuals con-

*I am unable, in this article, to discuss the difficult and humanly most important problem of the relations among the managerial institutional structure, democracy, and totalitarianism. This much seems clear: Rapid advance toward the managerial structure has so far been accompanied by totalitarian politics. Nevertheless, totalitarianism is no more identical with the managerial structure than is democracy with the capitalist social structure; totalitarianism is merely one political form for the managerial structure. It is certainly at least possible that managerial society, when consolidated, will develop its own kind of democracy—though not, it would seem, a parliamentary democracy, and certainly not capitalist democracy; it is even *possible* that the transition to managerial society should be accomplished democratically.

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struct the ideologies. The result is what counts, and the result is already apparent: a society in which the class of managers, together with a group of political allies with whom the managers largely fuse in the apparatus of the new unlimited state, are the ruling class.

5.

The achievement and consolidation of the managerial revolution faces a triple problem: (1) the reduction to impotence of capitalist institutions (and thus of the capitalists) at home, and in the end also abroad; (2) the curbing of the masses in such a manner that the masses accept the new order of managerial society; (3) competition among various sections of the managers for dominant positions in the new world order. The second step, it should be remarked, though it requires at certain intervals the use of force, above all demands a change of ideological and institutional allegiance. The masses must be led to accept one or another variant of the managerial institutions and the ideologies built upon the basis of managerial concepts and slogans; they must, we might say, come to see the (social) world in managerial terms. When that happens, the general structure of managerial society is reasonably assured; conflicts remain possible and likely, but they take place within the framework of managerial society, do not endanger its foundations, do not threaten to move toward the restoration of the capitalist structure or toward the overthrow of all forms of class structure—that is, toward socialism.

There is no pre-arranged temporal order in which these three parts of the managerial problem must be solved. Many different patterns or combinations are possible, and several are already being witnessed. Local social, political, cultural circumstances and even the specific influence of local leaders and organized political groups may rightly be expected to affect the pattern which we discover in any given instance. For example:

The Russian Revolution we must understand not as a socialist but as a managerial revolution. As soon as we make this shift, the general course of Russian events becomes intelligible. Instead of being forced to spend all our time "explaining" why Russia has "deviated" from the socialist course, has failed to develop as expected, has constantly done the opposite of what theory de-

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manded, we are able to show through the theory of the managerial revolution how Russia has developed consistently along the lines to be deduced from theory, granted the specific circumstances of the Russian position. The triple managerial problem in Russia worked out as follows: First, in a rapid and drastic fashion, the capitalist institutions and the capitalists at home were reduced to impotence; and, after an armed defense, a temporary truce was reached with capitalist institutions and capitalists abroad. Then (though this second step began during the solution of the first step), more gradually, the masses were curbed in such a manner as to lead them to accept the new exploiting order. The curbing of the masses began long before the death of Lenin (Lenin's and Trotsky's leadership in the smashing of the power of the Factory Committees and of the autonomy and rights of the trade unions and local soviets were decisive early moves, for instance); Stalin's definitive victory and the Moscow Trials merely symbolized the completion of the second part of the triple managerial problem. The Nazi-Soviet Pact and the inability of Britain to move against Russia during the Finnish war showed that capitalism from abroad was no longer capable of overturning the new order. The third part of the managerial problem remains: the competition with other sections of the managers for first fruits in the managerial world system. In this competition, the Russian weaknesses indicate that Russia will not be able to endure, that it will crack apart, and fall toward east and west.

Russia has today advanced furthest, from a structural or institutional point of view, toward the managerial goal. The rest of the world, however, plainly moves in the same general direction, though the specific route being followed need not be the same as the Russian. In Germany, for example, the pattern for the solution of the triple managerial problem is different, though the problem and the outcome are the same. The order of the first two stages in Germany is on the whole the reverse of what we found in the case of Russia. In Germany, the curbing of the masses, their redirection into managerial channels, by and large preceded the reduction of the home capitalists and capitalist institutions to impotence; and the undermining of the capitalists abroad proceeds along with the process of completing the reduction of the capitalists at home. This account is, however, too rigidly schematized. In actual fact, the

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reduction of the home capitalists began, by a partial voluntary abdication, along with the curbing of the masses—the capitalists themselves seeing in this partial abdication their sole desperate chance of avoiding the more immediate and drastic Russian pattern (which it did, but as it turns out with no long-term difference in the process as a whole, except for the better chance it gives *individual* capitalists to integrate themselves into the new order). The exile of Thyssen and the earlier retirement of Schacht signify the recognition by German capitalism of the error in the original hope that Nazism was the savior of German capitalism, the understanding that Nazism is merely a variant pattern in the liquidation of capitalism.

As in the case of Russia, so with Germany, the third part of the managerial problem—the contest for dominance with other sections of managerial society—remains for the future. First had to come the death blow that assured the toppling of the capitalist world order, which meant above all the destruction of the foundations of the British Empire (the keystone of the capitalist world order) both directly and through the smashing of the European political structure which was a necessary prop of the Empire. This is the basic explanation of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, which is not intelligible on other grounds. The future conflict between Germany and Russia will be a managerial conflict proper; prior to the great world-managerial battles, the end of the capitalist order must be assured. The belief that Nazism is "decadent capitalism" (which is besides *prima facie* implausible in that not Nazi Germany but France and England have displayed all the characteristics which have distinguished decadent cultures in past historical transitions) makes it impossible to explain reasonably the Nazi-Soviet Pact. From this belief followed the always-expected war between Germany and Russia, not the actual war to the death between Germany and the British Empire. The war between Germany and Russia is one of the managerial wars of the future, not of the anti-capitalist wars of yesterday and today.

In the United States, by virtue of relative geographical isolation and enormous resources, the revolution lags somewhat behind, but is already well enough advanced to indicate the same general direction and outcome. New Dealism, both in its practical measures and in its ideology, can now be seen to be a managerial move-

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ment and belief, at a more primitive level, with more capitalist hangovers, than Bolshevism or Nazism. This the "Tories" (that is, the capitalists) have, from shortly after the beginning, recognized, and attested in 1940 by overwhelming and "principled" opposition to Roosevelt's re-election. How ridiculous to attribute this opposition to a failure on the part of the Tories to understand "their own true interests"! The Tories include many shrewd and intelligent men. They oppose New Dealism because they see that New Dealism in its consequences is directed against capitalism and thus against themselves. And already, plainly, the power is shifting from the capitalist hands into those of the managers and administrators, and their bureaucratic colleagues. The locus of sovereignty, already, has nearly completed its shift from parliament (Congress) to the administrative boards and bureaus. Private enterprise—necessarily the decisive base of capitalism, for the capitalist is the private owner—gives way to the state. New Dealism is not Nazism, any more than Nazism is Bolshevism. There is not a formal identity among the three; but they are nonetheless linked historically. They are, all three, variant patterns of the way toward the same goal, differing in their stage of development as well as in their local background; they are three of the possible routes from capitalist society to managerial society. And in the war to come—which has, in reality, already started—the social transformation in the United States will leap forward.

6.

We may, from the point of view of the managerial revolution, discover the historical significance of the first two world wars. In brief: the war of 1914-18 was the last great war of capitalism; the present war is the first great formative war of managerial society.

The first world war, we might say, was a final convulsive effort by capitalism to find a cure for the diseases which were already, below the skin, eating its substance away. Instead of a cure, as so often results from such desperate efforts, the disease was only spread and made mortal. The course of the war itself showed that capitalism was ending its days, by: the outright breaking off of an important section of the world (Russia) from the capitalist structure; the cumulative weakening of capitalist institutions in all nations together with the growth of new (managerial)

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institutions; the fact that, unlike the previous wars of capitalism, the war of 1914-18 was unprofitable for both victors and losers, whereas earlier wars were invariably profitable for the victors and often for the losers as well; the demonstrated inability to devise a workable peace. From 1928 on, a renewed and far more devastating crisis set in, as shown not merely by the unparalleled economic depression, but equally plainly by the consolidation of Stalinism and Nazism, the rupture of the state from its traditional capitalist limits in all other nations, and the beginning of the breakup of the political order (Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, the spread of Germany, and finally the new war).

The political division of the world into a comparatively large number of sovereign national states, each with its armies and forts and currencies and tariffs and civil bureaucracies, is no longer workable for modern society with its complex division of labor and its needs for wider planning, control and trade exchanges. But in the Versailles peace, capitalism demonstrated that it was unable to smash the traditional political structure. The preservation of capitalism in the victorious powers (above all in England, the heart of capitalist society) meant the continuation of capitalist-nationalist divisions, indeed their exaggeration; but such divisions, the last generation has proved, cannot any longer endure. The process of changing the world political structure involves also a change in the world social structure. The second world war comprises major initial steps in both these changes.

Already the world system of managerial society emerges: a comparatively small number of "super-states," fighting for and dividing the world among themselves. An economic map suggests the probability that the outcome will be three great super-states, each based upon one of the three main areas of advanced industry: northcentral Europe; the United States, especially northeastern United States; Japan together with the east coast of China. In the future conflicts the managerial super-states of tomorrow cannot, in reality, hope to achieve a definitive military conquest of each other. The struggle will actually be, not for control over the central areas of advanced industry—the European area will be ruled by Europeans, the East Asian by Asiatics, the United States area by Americans—but for prime shares in the rest of the world.

The world conflict, however, is not at all divorced from the

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internal social transformation. On the contrary, as so frequently in history, war speeds up and spreads the revolution. Those nations (Russia, Germany) which have gone furthest toward the managerial structure, carry their new institutions with their tanks and bombs. Their influence acts also by contagion in the nations which they have not conquered by direct military means. Within their own borders, they are forced to speed the rate of social change in order to keep going—a fact well symbolized by the increasing "radicalization" of Hitler's speeches during the course of the war. And the opposing nations are compelled to adopt the managerial methods in order to meet the challenge.

The United States, for example, approaches the world conflict socially unprepared. Already it is discovering that the institutions of capitalism do not permit it to compete adequately with its great rivals on the economic, military and ideological fronts. The economic integration of Latin America, essential to the survival of the American super-state, is blocked by the fact that from a capitalist point of view such integration is not profitable. The building of an adequate military machine is prevented by the same cause. And, ideologically, the concepts and slogans and beliefs of capitalism are unable to arouse the masses. Since it is unlikely that the United States will decline its potential place in the new world system, as the isolationists in effect advise, we may feel sure that at an ever-increasing rate the United States will take those means necessary for the fulfillment of its "destiny": that is, will move evermore rapidly toward the managerial social structure. The managerial revolution is a world social revolution. Against a world revolution, even a six-ocean Navy would doubtless prove not enough.

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The End of Capitalism in Germany

Dwight Macdonald

THE AIM OF THIS ARTICLE is to show that the present German economy cannot be called 'capitalistic,' that it is a new and different kind of system (which I call, for lack of a better term, 'bureaucratic collectivism'). This view is, at present, rejected by most Marxists. It is more than a quarrel over terminology. For if the Nazi economy is still basically capitalistic, then we may expect it to be weakened in future by the classic 'contradictions' of capitalism, then we may look for future revolutionary movements against fascism to assume the traditional proletariat-vs.-bourgeoisie form, then this war is essentially a repetition of the last war and the issue is merely whether Germany *this* time will be able to challenge successfully the Anglo-American domination of the world market. If, however, Germany is *not* capitalist, then all these future developments may be expected to take on quite different forms. I should add that, as I wrote in "National Defense: the Case for Socialism" (PARTISAN REVIEW, July-August, 1940), the non-capitalist nature of German economy, far from being a reason for supporting the present British and American governments in this war, seems to me to make more imperative than ever the establishment *first* of a democratic socialist government through the revolutionary action of the workingclass.

Let me begin with a very brief statement of just what I conceive 'capitalism' to be. (For a more detailed treatment, see my article, "What Is the Fascist State?" in *The New International* for February, 1941.) In his introduction to *The Living Thoughts of Karl Marx*, Trotsky writes (emphasis mine):

> In contemporary society, man's cardinal tie is exchange. Any product of labor that enters into the process of exchange becomes a commodity. Marx began his investigation with the commodity and deduced from that fundamental cell of capitalist society those social relations that have objectively shaped them-

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> selves on the basis of exchange, *independently of man's will.** Only by pursuing this course is it possible to solve the fundamental puzzle—how in capitalist society, *in which each man thinks for himself and no one thinks for all,* are created the relative proportions of the various branches of economy indispensable to life. . . .
>
> This means that, after all, chaos is not chaos at all, that in some way it is *regulated automatically, if not consciously.* . . . By accepting and rejecting commodities, the market, as the arena of exchange, decides whether they do or do not contain within themselves socially necessary labor, and thereby determines the ratios of the various kinds of commodities necessary for society.

This seems to me a reasonably accurate description of how capitalism works. There are two main elements: (1) production is regulated by exchange, that is, by the prospect of the individual and corporate property owners making a profit by selling their goods on the market; (2) this market regulates "not consciously" but as an impersonal, autonomous mechanism working "independent of man's will."

In Germany today the market still exists, but it has lost its autonomy: it does not determine production, but is used merely as a means of measuring and expressing in economic terms the production which is planned and controlled by the Nazi bureaucracy. The old capitalist *forms* exist, but they express an entirely new content. Since 1936, production in Germany has not been determined by the market but by the needs of *Wehrwirtschaft:* guns, tanks, shoes, steel, cement are produced in greater or lesser quantities not because there is more or less prospect of making profits on this or that commodity, but because this or that is considered more or less useful for making war. *Economically,* this is production for use, the use being, of course, a highly undesirable one from the *social* point of view. Nor is this production controlled by a market mechanism working "independent of man's will" but by a bureaucratic apparatus which *plans* production (as against the well-known "anarchy" of capitalist production) and which con-

*Marx's *Capital* begins: "The wealth of those societies in which the capitalist mode of production prevails presents itself as 'an immense accumulation of commodities'." A commodity Marx describes as "a very queer thing, abounding in metaphysical subtleties and theological niceties." This is because commodities are "both objects of utility and, at the same time, depositories of value," that is, they exist as both "use values" and "exchange values." Since they obviously possess use value under slavery, feudalism or any non-capitalist form of economy, it is their exchange value which gives them their specifically capitalist character.

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sciously and wilfully works out the best solution to the particular problem. No individual producer thinks "for himself"; on the contrary, if not one man, at least a small group of top bureaucrats, "think for all." Trotsky speaks of each individual producer having "his own private plan," but Dr. Ley of the Labor Front says: "There are no longer any private people. All and every one are Adolf Hitler's soldiers, and a soldier is never a private person."

For many years now, capitalism in every advanced country has faced two great problems: (1) how to overcome the increasingly deep contradiction between the forms of private property and the socialized nature of large-scale industrial production, enough to at least permit the survival of organized society; (2) how to prepare adequately for war, the only way that these internal economic contradictions can obtain even a temporary solution. The two problems are closely connected: war is the supreme test of any modern nation, for in war its very existence is staked; and war is a *social* undertaking, demanding far more centralized control and planning, far more subordination of private property interests to national interests than peacetime production does; the disorganization of the economy characteristic of advanced capitalism makes impossible the effective prosecution of a modern war. The only power which can control, if not solve, these contradictions, whether in peace or in war, is the State power. The economic crisis which began in 1929 gave a tremendous impulsion to State control of economy throughout the world. Our own New Deal, for example, was forced to take measures which a few years earlier would have been denounced as socialistic—but which even Wall Street (as witness the Willkie campaign) today recognizes as permanent and necessary. But if economic crisis stimulates large-scale State intervention into the economy, war gives an enormously greater stimulus. To prepare for a modern war, which demands that production be not only raised to maximum capacity but also that it be directed into new channels and coordinated on a national scale—to do this, the State power must intervene decisively to free the objectively 'socialized' instruments of production from the fetters of archaic property forms. This in turn means that both the bourgeoisie as a class and also bourgeois property relations increasingly lose their validity, and a new ruling class, the State bureaucracy,

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capable of controlling production on a national scale, arises. In Germany, where for various wellknown historical reasons, the problems both of economic crisis and of war economy facing modern capitalism presented themselves in a far more intense form than in any other advanced capitalist nation, in Germany the solution has taken on a correspondingly acute form. But in all capitalist nations, the bourgeoisie face the same dilemma faced by the German bourgeoisie: they cannot survive without war, but in order to make war, they must allow the State the destroy the basic forms of capitalism. There is only one historical alternative to this development: socialism. The fate of our civilization depends on whether the workingclass is able to turn history into this channel in the next period.

This process is going on in all advanced capitalist nations, and it will continue throughout the next historical period, until and unless socialist revolution intervenes. This is not a matter of 'just a war economy' or of a 'long-term investment by the bourgeoisie'—what a ridiculous shopkeeper's mentality to think in such terms in a period when the very bases of post-1800 society are dissolving before our eyes! For the great fact of the epoch we are now entering on is that war is no longer an interruption of the 'normal' peacetime development of capitalism, but has become, as Trotsky came to recognize in the last months of his life, *the normal mode of existence of our society*. As he wrote in his last article: "We should understand that the life of this society, politics, everything will be based upon war. . . . In this epoch, every great question, national or international, will be resolved with arms." The new 'military program' he proposed, in taking the army as well as the factory, as a *normal* arena of class struggle henceforth, recognizes pragmatically—however reluctant Trotsky was to make any explicit revisions of basic theory—that the old concepts of class struggle must be reshaped.

We should read again, with the Nazi economy in mind, Marx's description of the death agony of capitalism: "The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production, which has sprung up and flourished along with it and under it. Centralization of the means of production and socialisation of labor at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. The integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist

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private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated." Marx expected the workingclass to burst the shell. It is one of the bitterest ironies of history that the workingclass movement proved incapable of doing so, and that this economically progressive and historically necessary task has been accomplished by a political movement reactionary to the point of barbarism, and working in the interest of a more effective prosecution of war. It is unpleasant and disheartening to have to recognize the fact that the Nazis and not the proletariat have shattered the structure of capitalism, and that the result has been not the social progress anticipated by Marxists but instead war and reaction in their most hideous forms. Yet how can one read such a passage and not see that the totalitarian State has done, *economically*, just what Marx and Lenin looked to the proletariat to do, namely, created new economic forms which correspond more closely to the 'socialization of production' than do the old private property forms?

1. From Schacht's NRA to Goering's Four-Year Plan

No one denies that there have been profound economic changes in Germany since 1933; no one denies that there has been considerable friction between the German big bourgeoisie and the Nazi bureaucracy. The historical problem is whether these changes, these conflicts involve issues fundamental to the continuance of capitalism itself, or whether—as in the case of our own New Deal era—they have taken place within the general framework of capitalism. It is my belief that, in both internal and foreign policy, the struggle of the last five years between the German business community and the Nazis involved basic issues, that the very existence of capitalism was at stake, and that the Nazis have by now decisively won the battle. In this section I want to sketch the main outlines of this historical development.

Three main periods may be defined. (1) March, 1933 to June, 1934: struggle between the petty-bourgeois 'plebeians' or 'radicals' in the Nazi ranks and the big bourgeoisie, ending in the crushing of the former, once and for all, by the Nazi top bureaucracy in the June, 1934, 'blood purge.' (2) July, 1934 to September, 1936: supremacy of the big bourgeoisie, expressed in the 'economic dictatorship' exercised by Dr. Schacht as Minister of Economics and head of the Reichsbank; this domination chal-

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lenged by the Nazi bureaucracy with increasing strength all through the period. (3) October, 1936 to the present: inauguration of the Second Four Year Plan; elimination, by the beginning of 1938, from key posts of the representatives of the big bourgeoisie, the junkers, and the traditional Army leaders; concentration of all power—economic, political, military—into the hands of the bureaucracy; creation of a non-capitalist, planned, totalitarian, production-for-use economy.

Of the first period (1933-1934), I need only say here that I agree in general with the analysis of such Marxists as Dutt and Guerin: that big business put the Nazis into power, that the petty-bourgeoisie masses who followed Hitler were dupes, and that in the first year of State power, the Nazi top leadership was primarily the tool of finance capital.

The second period began with the appointment, a month after the 'blood purge,' of Dr. Schacht as Minister of Economics. (He retained his presidency of the Reichsbank, thus controlling the two key posts in the economy.) For the next two years Schacht, in closest collaboration with the Army, heavy industry and finance capital, directed and reshaped the German economy. The "New Plan" he evolved represented the kind of economic policy these conservative groups wanted. Its most radical departures were in the field of foreign trade, where Schacht was forced to take the first giant step towards a totalitarian economy: the creation of what was in effect a State monopoly of foreign trade. Inside Germany, the 'New Plan' was much less drastic. It resembled the contemporaneous New Deal recovery program in many ways: vast sums were spent on roads and public buildings; jobs were 'made' by using as much hand labor as possible; the decisive control was in the hands not of the politicians but of Schacht and the still-powerful trade associations. The conservative nature of the Plan is indicated in *Fortune's* comment on it: "Hitler only took longer steps where his predecessor had taken shorter ones." Thus much of the public works program had been planned by the preceding governments of Bruning, Schleicher and Papen, and the crucial sector of price control was left to the same official who had been Bruning's Price Commissar—which is to say prices were not effectively controlled.

Schacht's "New Plan" failed to solve Germany's economic

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problems precisely because it was conservative. Writing in 1935 in Palme Dutt's *Labour Monthly*, a Marxist economist, R. Brown, predicted the Plan's collapse because: (1) "The State planning of foreign trade is impossible under a system based on anarchic private capitalist production." (2) "The Fascist State is endeavoring to control prices but is actually powerless even to carry out a real system of rationing war materials and foodstuffs." Brown's prediction was accurate: the "New Plan" did collapse, and for the reasons he gave. He was also correct when he noted: "Finance capital is completely opposed to any State control of production or markets." As he pointed out, the Nazis faced a dilemma: a great deal *more* State intervention was necessary, and yet their big bourgeois 'masters' were insisting on *less*. Hence Brown concluded, logically enough in his terms, that the 'New Plan' would not be extended but curtailed, and that economic breakdown would follow. He was, of course, unable to foresee that the dilemma would be resolved by the dethronement of the 'masters' by the 'puppets,' and that the relatively mild 'New Plan' would be succeeded by the totalitarian Second Four Year Plan.

When the New Deal's economic program collapsed, also because it was a conservative *capitalist* measure where much sterner remedies were needed, the only effect was the severe depression of 1937-8. In Germany, however, the failure of Schacht's program had more serious results, for three reasons: (1) the economic crisis in Germany was so severe as to make it politically impossible to permit a depression; (2) both the politicians and the big bourgeoisie, for reasons of foreign policy which did not then obtain here, agreed that an extensive rearming program was immediately necessary; (3) political power was held not by a reformist government of the traditional democratic-capitalist type but by a totalitarian party with a large mass base, a "radical" (demagogically) program, and a ruthless and opportunist leadership which was not particularly interested in preserving capitalism, or indeed in any general principles. This party was able to take the drastic social and economic measures necessary to meet the situation.

These measures received their formal expression in the Second Four Year Plan, a turning-point in the development of German economy comparable to the Moscow Trials in the political evolution of Stalinism. Hitler proclaimed the Plan in an appropriate

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setting: at the annual Party Congress in Nuremburg. In his speech of September 9, 1936 Hitler outlined the objectives of the Plan: to organize the nation at once on a war footing, to produce arms in huge quantities, above all, to make Germany independent of the world market for foodstuffs and industrial raw materials.

The magnitude of the last task—making Germany self-sufficient in raw materials—may be indicated by the fact that, in 1936, Germany produced no rubber, nickel or sulphur; practically no oil or tin; and much less iron ore, copper, lead and timber than she needed. The only important industrial raw materials she produced in sufficient quantities for her *peacetime* needs were coal, zinc, manganese and potash. The Four Year Planners proposed that, instead of continuing to depend on the world market for these materials, ersatz materials be synthetically produced to replace them. This has meant fantastic expense—buna rubber costs four to six times what the natural product cost on the world market—but this expense was more than outweighed, in totalitarian economics, by the political advantages. So in the last four years Germany has developed quantity production of oil by hydrogenation from coal, of 'cell' wool from wood, of buna rubber from coal and limestone, and of a hundred lesser synthetic products, not to mention the exploitation by the State-owned Hermann Goering Iron Works of large deposits of low-grade iron ore (which private business had refused to work on grounds of unprofitability). These technological miracles have been achieved in expensive plants for which the State has forced private business to put up most of the capital.

The Four Year Plan Authority became the supreme dictator of German economy. Its six major branches were concerned with (1) increasing the production of raw materials; (2) distributing all raw materials on the basis of military utility; (3) distributing the nation's labor power in the same way; (4) increasing agricultural production; (5) keeping prices and wages stable; (6) controlling foreign exchange and foreign trade. The only comparable system, in scope and in completeness of control, was the Five Year Plan inaugurated in Russia in 1929. No capitalist 'war economy'—not even Britain's today after eighteen months of war—is of the same order.

The business community protested violently against the Sec-

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ond Four Year Plan because it clearly meant (1) greatly increased State control of business; (2) enormous 'unproductive' and 'uneconomic' expenses for an even bigger bureaucracy and for the creation of whole new *ersatz* industries; (3) cutting off Germany once for all from the world market and international capitalism, rejecting all compromise and preparing for war. Their protest, however, could take no very formidable shape: they had their chance to solve Germany's problems their way, under Schacht, and had failed. A new power, largely of their creation, had now arisen and was soon to demonstrate the economic superiority of its non-capitalist methods.

Neither Schacht nor the business community he represented was consulted in the matter of creating the new Plan. Schacht's program—"economy in government, retardation of the Four Year Plan, and concentration on export trade"—speedily became only a memory as the Nazis drove ahead on the road of autarchy and rearmament.

There is no space to detail the history of the next four years. The main trend may be suggested:

October 19, 1936: Hitler appoints Goering chief of the Four Year Plan and supreme economic dictator of the Reich.

November 26, 1936: The Nazi bureaucrat, Josef Wagner, newly appointed Price Commissar under the Plan, issues general price-freezing decree. Henceforth all price increases are forbidden, except on special authorization from his office.

December 1, 1936: Goering decrees the death penalty for all Germans who evade the restrictions on taking money or property out of the country.

February 13, 1937: The Reichsbank, hitherto the quasi-independent fortress of German finance-capital, is 'coordinated'—"placed under Chancellor Hitler's direct authority as an organ of the German Government."

November 26, 1937: Schacht resigns as Minister of Economics, is replaced by Funk, 'Goering's man.' The *N. Y. Times* comments on "this final step in a long drawn-out careful program whereby Schacht has been let out of active direction of the Reich's economic affairs. The problem from the first has been how Dr. Schacht could be removed from authority, and control could be centralized in General Goering's hands, without too great a shock to the home and foreign business communities."

February 4, 1938: The Nazis execute a 'bloodless purge' of the conservative opposition in all spheres. (1) *Economic:* "The

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complete reorganization of the Ministry of Economics into the executive organ of Field Marshal Goering's Four Year Plan was announced today. Nothing is left of the old departments of the Ministry. . . ." (2) *Foreign Policy:* Purge in the Foreign office. The Nazi extremist, Von Ribbentrop, becomes Foreign Minister, replacing the ultra-conservative Von Neurath, the last of the old pre-1933 cabinet ministers to go. (3) *The Army:* The long struggle between the Nazis and the traditional Army generals ends in victory for the former. 15 generals retire, 22 get new commands. The two leading personalities in the Army, the pro-Nazi War Minister Von Blomberg and the openly anti-Nazi Commander in Chief Von Fritsch, both retire. The Army high command goes to two obscure, colorless and nonpolitical generals, Keitel and Brauchitsch. Goering is made Field Marshal, ranking him above all other generals. Von Blomberg has no successor as War Minister; Hitler assumes "personal and direct command over all the armed forces."

March 11, 1938: Hitler occupies Austria. (It is now clear that the Feb. 4 purge was in preparation for this move, which was widely opposed in Army and big business circles.)

Jan. 20, 1939: Schacht is suddenly removed by Hitler from the presidency of the Reichsbank, shortly after 'appeasement' visit by Montagu Norman, of the Bank of England, to Schacht in Berlin. Funk becomes new Reichsbank head.

Sept. 5, 1939: Goering appoints Nazi leaders as regional 'Reich Defense Commissars' in war economy.

Dec. 28, 1939: Four Year Plan Authority is superseded by the 'Economic General Staff' as supreme director of Reich economy. This Staff made up entirely of Nazi bureaucrats and State officials, no businessmen.

The orthodox Marxist view of the relationship between big business and the State is well formulated in Hilferding's *Das Finanzkapital:* "Economic power is also political power. . . . The rule over the economy means control over the means of power of the State. . . . Finance capital in its perfection is the highest stage of economic and political power in the hands of a capitalist oligarchy. It completes the dictatorship of the capitalist magnates."* As things have actually worked out in Germany, this formulation needs to be stood on its head: political power is also economic power; control over the State means rule over the econ-

*This quotation, from the 1920 edition (p. 510), is taken from a forthcoming book by Guenter Reimann, "The Myth of the Total State," the manuscript of which the author very kindly allowed me to read.

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omy. The German big bourgeoisie no longer 'use' the Nazi bureaucracy, the relationship is reversed. Schacht, the responsible representative of heavy industry and finance capital, has been deprived even of his control of the Reichsbank. His policies have been reversed. The National Economic Chamber and the other once-powerful business associations have been stripped of the policy-making powers they held up to 1936, and have been reduced to the role of administrative agencies through which the policies decided upon by the bureaucracy are transmitted to the business community. The various bodies set up since 1936 to decide national economic policy have included few, if any, representatives of the business community.* In a word, the bourgeoisie have been displaced by a new ruling class, the bureaucracy; capitalism has yielded to bureaucratic collectivism.

2. *Inside Germany: State Capitalism or Bureaucratic Collectivism?*

So much for the historical evolution of the present German economy. It has been shown that there was a basic policy conflict between the Nazis and the business community, that the policies of the former have triumphed, and that the groups and individuals representing the big bourgeoisie have been removed from the key economic controls since 1936. The question must still be answered, however: why isn't this simply the transition to 'State capitalism,' the logical last stage of monopoly-capitalistic development? First there was the monopolization of individual branches of production —steel, coal, etc.—by powerful finance-capital groups. Now these monopolistic powers have united to form a 'super-trust' embracing the entire national economy, with the Nazis in political control as the famous 'executive committee of the bourgeoisie.' The rise of monopolies, the argument continues, has neither destroyed capitalism nor moderated the economic contradictions of capitalism, but on the contrary has intensified these contradictions. So why

*Three such bodies may be noted. First, the Second Four-Year Plan Board, composed exclusively of Nazi bureaucrats and Army officers, with not even Schacht on it. Second, the Privy Council Hitler set up after the February, 1938, 'purge,' whose eight members included not a single business spokesman. Third, the Economic General Staff set up by Goering, after the war began, to run the national war effort. Of its 13 members, 1 was an Army officer, 3 were Nazi politicians, and 9 were State secretaries in various ministries. There were jokes in business circles about 'the dictatorship of the secretariat'—and not only jokes.

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can we not look for the development of the 'State-capitalist trust' to work the same way?

Such, in fact, has been the expectation of most Marxists during the last quarter-century. The early congresses of the Third International were well aware of the trend towards 'State capitalism' which set in during the last war, and Lenin correctly predicted the future rise of "vast State-capitalist and military trusts." The crucial error of Marxist thought on this subject, however, was that it was expected that this historical trend would intensify the social and economic contradictions of capitalism—whereas it has actually resulted in the destruction of capitalism itsslf and, consequently, in the transposing of these contradictions into quite different terms. (To say that fascism is not threatened by the contradictions of capitalism is not to say that it hasn't its own contradictions, in some ways more serious than the capitalist ones.)

Consider, for example, Bukharin's *Imperialism and World Economy*. First published in 1915, this book is more to the point today than Lenin's better known *Imperialism*, since it deals mostly with the question which is so crucial today: State intervention into the capitalist economy. Bukharin's is an extraordinarily prescient book in some ways, and an extraordinarily shortsighted one in others. Both in its vision and in its blindness it is typical of the twentieth-century Marxist tradition.

Bukharin predicts in detail the rise of the 'State-capitalist trust':

> Competition reaches the highest, the last conceivable state of development. It is now the competition of State capitalist trusts in the world market. . . . The remnants of the old laissez-faire ideology disappear, the epoch of the new 'mercantilism,' of imperialism begins. . . . With the growth of the importance of State power, its inner structure also changes. The State becomes more than ever before an 'executive committee' of the ruling class. . . . Thus the government is de facto transformed into a 'committee' elected by the representatives of entrepreneurs' organizations. . . .

A remarkable passage to be written in 1915! Yet the really amazing thing is that Bukharin, like the other great Marxists, could have seen so clearly the line of development world capitalism was to take after the war without apparently recognizing, even as a theoretical possibility, that the rise of 'State capitalism' might seriously affect and even destroy the capitalist system itself. It

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seems not to have occurred to either Lenin or Bukharin, even as a subject for speculation, that there might be profound differences between the *economic* monopolistic control, by private capitalist groups, of branches of production and the *political* ("totalitarian") monopoly exercised by politicians over the entire national economy. In his entire book, Bukharin touches on this theme only once, in a footnote:

> Were the commodity character of production to disappear—for instance through the organization of all world economy into one gigantic State trust, the impossibility of which we tried to prove in our chapter on ultra-imperialism—we would have an entirely new economic form. This would be capitalism no more, for the production of *commodities* would have disappeared; still less would it be *socialism*, for the power of one class over the other would have remained (and even grown stronger). Such an economic structure would, most of all, resemble a slave-owning economy where the slave market is absent.

This is such an interesting adumbration of what actually has come about in Germany that one regrets all the more keenly that Bukharin did not carry it further. It is worth noting, in passing, that Bukharin can conceive of production losing its commodity character and hence ceasing to be capitalist if a single *world* trust should arise—the reason being, of course, that in that case international competition would cease and the world market would have no meaning. But he fails to see that likewise, once a *national* monopoly has been established within a single nation, those same market-commodity relations are also destroyed and for the same reasons as would be the case on the world market.

The defects of the traditional Marxist conception of the coming 'State capitalist trust' as merely a mechanical extension of *private* monopolism may be seen if we compare the economic effects of the two developments. It is now generally agreed that, while monopolistic (or, more accurately in most cases, 'oligopolistic') trusts establish a more orderly and 'planned' kind of economy within their own particular sectors of production, the effect on capitalist economy as a whole is to intensify its contradictions. Far from moderating the swings of boom and depression, as Bernstein and the pre-1914 Marxist 'revisionists' thought would be the case, the rise of finance-capital monopolies has had the effect that Lenin and Luxemburg predicted it would have: greatly *intensified* crises.

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The effect of State-controlled national monopoly in Germany, however, has been the reverse: it has weakened, if not eliminated, the economic contradictions of capitalism. For a long time now, bourgeois and Marxist observers have been predicting imminent catastrophe in Germany, and yet the economy seems stronger today than ever: there is 100% production and employment, the State experiences little difficulty in maintaining its huge expenditures, inflation seems more remote today than in the early years of the Nazi regime.*

Why this difference in the economic effects of private as against State monopoly? The chief economic advantage enjoyed by private trusts is that they exist in a predominantly market economy and hence are able to levy tribute with the iron hand of monopoly on the relatively weak and unorganized non-monopolistic sections of the economy. "Monopoly organizations," writes Bukharin, "can overcome the tendency towards lowering the rate of profit by receiving monopoly super-profits at the expense of non-trustified industries." Private monopolies thus throw the national economy still further out of balance and bring on ever more severe crisis because their whole strategy, their *raison d'être* in fact, lies in taking advantage of and intensifying the disproportion between the monopolized and the non-monopolized parts of the whole economy. As Lenin describes it in *Imperialism:* "At the same time monopoly, which has grown out of free competition, does not abolish the latter but exists alongside it and hovers over it, as it were, and, as a result, gives rise to a number of very acute antagonisms, friction and conflicts."

In the case of a 'State-capitalist trust,' however, the whole economy is controlled by the State, and there exists no longer any free-market sector. Hence the kind of unbalances created by the growth of private monopolies do not arise. Furthermore, the State controls not only all branches of the national economy, but also all

*It would be interesting to compile a register of prophecies of disaster, from 1933 to 1939, made by economists outside Germany. Even Dr. Schacht, Reichsbank head and Economics Minister, became convinced that financial disaster lay ahead if spending were not reduced and finally came into such sharp opposition on the point that he had to be stripped of all his powers. His prophecies have not come true. Schacht's case is a particularly striking example of the 'cultural lag' observable in thinking on this subject both in Marxists and in bankers, and for the same basic reason, that both think in terms of a capitalist economy. Although Schacht himself created much of the ingenious economic machinery by which the Nazi State controlled the contradictions of capitalism, he was, after all, by training a banker and this proved more decisive than his more recent experiences as a bureaucrat.

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the main economic factors: prices, wages, production, investment, profits, consumption, foreign trade, bank rates. These are thus robbed of their primary character as the determinants of economic development and become secondary instruments manipulated by a new 'prime mover,' the State bureaucracy. And they therefore lose their power to determine decisively the course of the economy. Private monopolism *perverts* the capital market economy, State monopolism *negates* it.

"When a government has complete control over the man power and the material resources of a country," writes Stolper in his recent *German Economy*, "the only limit to the expansion of production is precisely this man power and these national resources." In such an economy, Marx's famous "laws of motion of capitalism" are of little practical importance. The State can solve its economic difficulties—so far as these are caused by the workings of capitalist factors—by almost any means it chooses, including, if necessary, a proclamation by the Fuhrer that the moon is made of green cheese, followed by a decree by the Four Year Plan Authority that all banks and corporations must subscribe a certain percentage of their capital to finance the Hermann Goering Cheese Works to exploit lunar food resources.

The well-known Social-Democratic economist, Rudolf Hilferding, author of the classic *Das Finanzkapital*, has formulated the problem of 'State capitalism' in a masterly way.* The essential passages of his argument are as follows:

> The concept of 'State capitalism' does not stand any analysis from the economic point of view. Once the State has become the sole owner of all the means of production, it renders impossible the functioning of capitalist economy, it abolishes the very mechanism which keeps going the processes of economic circulation. The capitalist economy is a market economy. The price which is determined by competition between property owners—'in the last analysis' it is only as a result of this competition that the law of value operates—in turn determines what is produced, the quantities produced, the part of profit which is accumulated, the branches of industry in which all this takes place, and how finally, in the continual process of overcoming of crises, there is established a certain balance between the various branches of

*In an article published over here last year in *Proletarian Outlook*, a mimeographed political paper, and originally printed in the Russian Social-Democratic organ, the *Sotsialistichesky Viestnik* of Paris. It may be noted that the press recently reported that Hilferding has been turned over to the Nazis by the Vichy government.

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> industry. The capitalist economic system is governed by the laws of the market whose analysis was given by Marx, and the *autonomy* of those laws constitutes the determining characteristic of the capitalist system of production.
>
> However, what a government economy does is precisely to abolish the autonomy of the economic laws; it is not a market economy, but an economy for use. What is produced, and how it is produced, is no longer determined by the price but by the State planning commission which fixes the character and extent of production. To outward appearance, prices and wages still exist, but their function has changed entirely. They no longer determine the march of production. That is directed by the central government, which alone fixes both prices and wage scales. Prices and wages are now only instruments of distribution determining for every one his share in the sum total of what the central government allots to the population. They have now become the technical means of distribution, a method which is simpler than would be a direct order stipulating the amounts of the various products (which have ceased to be 'commodities') to be received by each individual. The prices have become symbols of distribution, but they are no longer the regulators of the nation's economy. While the form has been maintained, the function has been completely changed.

Now it is true that in this passage Hilferding is concerned mainly with the Soviet economy, which he believes to be 'totalitaran' and not 'State capitalist.' (Hilferding, in fact, denies the theoretical possibility of the existence of *State* capitalism.) It is also true that in Germany you still have private property, at least in form, whereas in the Soviet Union you have instead collectivized property (again, however, I must insist, 'at least in form'). This difference, however, is not very important because (1) private ownership of the means of production is not an exclusive feature of the capitalist system (since in the slave states of antiquity you also had private ownership, to name only one example), but rather, as Marx, Trotsky and Hilferding all agree, production for the *market* is the distinguishing feature; and (2) in any case, in Germany private property exists in form only, not in reality, since the State determines what use the 'owner' shall make of his 'property' —as must be the case once the State has brought under its totalitarian control the very foundation-stone of capitalist property relations, namely, the market.

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In any case, Hilferding later on explicitly links up the above analysis with the present German and Italian economies:

> One of the essential characteristics of the totalitarian government is the fact that it subordinates the economy to its aims. Economy no longer has its own laws, for it is now subject to direction from above. In proportion as this subjection is being carried out, market economy is transformed into an economy for use, the character and the extent of the needs being determined by the State administration. The example of German and Italian economy shows how in a totalitarian state such a management of economy, once it has been started, assumes greater and greater proportions and endeavors to become all-embracing, as was the case in Russia from the very beginning. Notwithstanding the great differences in the points of departure, the economic systems of the totalitarian regimes present an increasing similarity to each other. In Germany, too, the government, intent upon maintaining and strengthening its power, determines the character of production and accumulation; the prices lose their regulating function, become a means of distribution. Like the economy itself, those who are engaged in the management of the economic activities are more or less subordinated to the State; they become its assistants. Economy loses the priority which it possessed under a bourgeois system.
>
> This does not mean, of course, that the economic spheres do not exert a considerable influence upon the government both in Germany and in Russia. But they do not determine the contents of politics. The general policy is determined by a small circle of those who hold power. Their interests, their ideas about what is needed for the preservation, application and strengthening of their own power are the determining factors of their policy which they impose, as a law, upon the economic life that is subordinated to them. Hence the importance which the subjective element, the element of the 'unforeseen,' of the 'irrational' in political development has acquired in politics.
>
> The believer knows only of heaven and hell. The Marxist sectarian knows only Capitalism and Socialism, he knows only of classes—the bourgeois and the proletariat—as determining forces. He cannot conceive the idea that modern State power, having become independent, develops its enormous strength according to its own laws, that it subjects the social forces and compels them to serve it.

In this remarkable analysis, Hilferding not only demonstrates the non-capitalist nature of a 'Stateified' economy, but also suggests the general political conclusion to be drawn from this: that the decisive controls today are political and not economic. The world

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crisis of capitalism has reached such proportions that economics has become 'politicalized,' so to speak. Politics dominates economy, rather than, as in the last century, the opposite. The great, perhaps the fatal, error made by Marxists in the post-1918 period was to attach too much significance to economic forms, whether capitalist or socialist, and too little to new methods of political control which have arisen and which have been used to manipulate these forms in such a way as to negate their content.

3. *Outside Germany: Nazism and World Capitalism*

The internal economic policies of the Nazis flowed logically from their conception of the relationship of Germany to world capitalism. It was on the field of foreign policy that the decisive struggle took place between the Nazi bureaucracy and the German business community. As in the conflict over internal economic policy, the Nazis won because their conceptions were closer to the realities of modern power politics than were those of the bourgeoisie. And the Nazi economic policies have had the same destructive effect on the world market and the world capitalist system as they have had on the capitalist structure of Germany itself.

By the year 1936, it was clear that Germany would have to choose between two possible foreign policies: (1) to try to fit Germany into the world market, obtaining from the 'have' powers concessions of colonies and access to raw materials, coming to some agreement with them on tariffs and trading areas, and generally attempting to gain enough outlet in the world market for profitable use of Germany's tremendous productive capacity; (2) to turn away from the world market and international collaboration, concentrating the entire national energies on building up a war machine powerful enough to smash the rival imperialisms so as to take by force what Germany needed and, above all, to establish a political dominance over Germany's beaten enemies that would guarantee her future.

The first course meant, in essence, to attempt to reconstruct the depression-damaged world market and to create, through coming to a peaceful agreement with the other great imperialisms, a stable new world-capitalist order in which Germany would have a position truly reflecting her economic power. This policy was favored by practically the entire business community, which saw

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clearly the dangers of revolution and economic ruin even a victorious Germany would run in a second world war, and which also realized the kind of internal economy which the alternative course would mean. There were appeasers inside as well as outside of Germany, and, as was also the case in other countries, they represented primarily the big business forces. In the years of his power, Schacht was the leading proponent of colonies, trading concessions, and international collaboration as the key to Germany's economic problem. The sad case of Dr. Rudolf Brinkmann, Schacht's successor at the Reichsbank, may also be cited. Dr. Brinkmann summed up the businessman's objections to autarky thus: "A well-planned internal economy depends on exports. . . . Let us beware of arrogance. It is wrong to proclaim to the rest of the world: 'You want us, you are dependent on us.' We should rather say: 'We are all mutually interdependent.'" It may be relevant to note that, within a few weeks of his taking over the presidency of the Reichsbank, Dr. Brinkmann went into retirement, suffering from "a nervous breakdown with loss of memory."

The second course, that of autarky, meant, internally, more State intervention than ever, enormous State expenditures, and, as Schacht well knew, the replacement of the old capitalist profit economy by a bureaucratic production-for-use planned economy; externally, it meant abandonment of the perspective of a peaceful collaboration of world capitalism, war as soon as the economy was ready for it, and, in the event of a German victory, the extension of this new kind of economy to—in the first instance—the whole European continent. The worst fears of the German business community have been realized.

Inside Germany, the Nazis' policies won out over those favored by the business community because they were better adapted to gearing a highly industrialized society for a supreme *social* effort, namely, war. So too in the field of foreign policy, the Nazi policies also triumphed over those of the conservatives because they were based on a more realistic and profound understanding of the condition of world capitalism in the thirties than the German big bourgeoisie had. The Nazis realized that the perspective of international cooperation, of a reconstitution of the world market and some kind of a 'deal' between the major capitalist powers (perhaps at the expense of Russia)—that this was a bourgeois

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Utopia. They saw clearly that world capitalism was in desperate straits, that the great 'have' imperialisms could not afford to make the concessions that would have integrated Germany once more into world economy, that the world market had been wrecked by the 1929 depression, and that international competition in a dwindling market—whatever pious hopes the bankers and rentiers of London and Paris might have of a peaceful settlement—was bound to become more and more cut-throat. For Germany, therefore, the only course of safety lay in autarky, rearming, and territorial expansion as rapidly as her armed strength—and the weakness of her enemies—permitted. The German bourgeoisie underestimated the decadence of world capitalism in general, of the great 'have' capitalist powers in particular. The Nazis made neither mistake.

Now it is true that the fact that the Nazis' war program was better *realpolitik* than the bourgeoisie's appeasement program does not prove its non-capitalist character. It would be quite possible that the war aims of the Nazi bureaucracy were the traditional ones of capitalist imperialism, and that it was simply a case of the Nazis understanding better than their own bourgeoisie how to achieve these aims. This is not the case, however. The war aims of Germany—and the kind of economic and political order that will be created if she wins the war—are radically different from those of all the great powers in the last war and from those of America and England in this war.*

In *Imperialism and World Economy*, Bukharin defines "three fundamental motives for the conquest policies of modern capitalist states: increased competition in the sales markets, in the markets of raw material, and for the spheres of capital investment." Imperialist war he sees as an effort to use force against competitors in these three fields. I think we can take this as a fair summary of the orthodox Marxist definition of capitalist war aims today. These aims presume the existence of a capitalist world market—international exchange of commodities, settlement of trade balances in gold, an international price structure, the international division of labor, etc.

Bukharin, by the way, admitted that possibly 'State capitalist

*Perhaps I should make it clear that, in my opinion, these aims are primarily *economic* and not an expression of the quality of the German soul (Rauschning) or the expansive force of the German ego (Mumford). But to say that the Nazis are fighting for *economic* reasons is by no means to say they are fighting for *capitalistic* reasons. The whole question is whether they will exploit their war gains within a capitalist or a non-capitalist framework.

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trusts' would establish *national* monopolies, but not that the world market itself might be destroyed. Thus he deduced that, just as the effect of the establishment *within a single industry* of a stable, non-market economy by private monopolies was merely to increase the contradictions and anarchy of the *national economy as a whole*, so these *national* State monopolies would merely aggravate the chaos of the *world* market. His calculation, however, went astray for the same basic reason as his predictions as to the nature of the 'State capitalist trust' went astray: because when monopoly reached *national* proportions, the decisive factor in the economy changed from the capitalist market to the State bureaucracy—that is, political controls arose which displaced capitalist market laws as the primary determinants of economy, both national and world.

Nazi trade methods on the world market have had the effect of destroying that market itself (instead of merely gaining for one nation a larger share at the expense of other nations). As we have seen, the Nazi bureaucracy in 1936 decided to cut German economy loose from the world market. Autarky flew in the face of the international division of labor. The international price structure also lost most of its meaning as far as Germany was concerned, since the State, controlling foreign trade completely, was able to use Germany's buying and selling on the world market as a political weapon; the Nazis preferred to pay more for Bulgarian wheat than they would have had to pay for, say, Canadian wheat, since it was politically desirable to draw Bulgaria closer to Germany. Finally, the whole complex apparatus of the capitalist world market—internationally determined prices, settlement of unfavorable trade balances in gold, three- or four-cornered trade—was short-circuited by the introduction by the Nazis of State barter deals.

These non-capitalist trading methods were evolved precisely because the disintegration of the world market—expressed in rising tariff walls, ever-increasing concentration of the world's gold in the United States, drastic cuts in imports by all nations—made it impossible for Germany, financially weakest of all major nations, to get via the world market the raw materials she needed. Is there any reason to believe that after this war the world market will be in a better state? How can it be reconstructed so long as 80% of the world's gold supply is held by the United States? In point of fact, the evolution is all the other way: Nazi trade methods have forced other nations to adopt them, as in the proposed Inter-Ameri-

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can Cartel, whereby the United States government would extend its control over Latin America by the same kind of barter and subsidy deals Germany for years has been using in Central Europe. World trade has become a *political*, rather than an *economic* matter.

Thus two of Bukharin's three "fundamental motives for the conquest policies of modern capitalist states"—"increased competition in the sales markets" and "in the markets of raw materials" —are ruled out. His third "fundamental motive" is "competition for the spheres of capital investment." Both Lenin and Bukharin saw the *export of capital* (i.e., investments by the bourgeoisie of an imperialist nation in mills, factories, railroads, utilities of colonial and backward nations) as the characteristic feature of 20th century imperialism. "Under the old type of capitalism, when free competition prevailed, the export of *goods* was the most typical feature," wrote Lenin. "Under modern capitalism, when monopolies prevail, the export of *capital* has become the typical feature." Unhappily—or happily, depending on your point of view—the fatal basic contradiction of capitalist imperialism—that the market itself, the mechanicm through which the more advanced imperialist nations must exploit the backward and colonial nations, works so as to bring the backward nations up to the economic level of the advanced ones—this appears in its most extreme form in the typical form of 20th century imperialism: the export of capital. For to export capital means no more and no less than to put into the hands of the 'subjugated' nation not merely the products of modern industry but the very machines and factories and capital goods that produce these products. In a word, to give them the instruments, in an era of war, to challenge ultimately their imperialist masters. (Thus, for example, the rebuilding and rationalizing of German industry in the twenties, the economic foundation of the Nazi war machine, was financed chiefly by huge loans—i.e., 'capital exports'—from the United States.)

And so we find the export of capital figuring not at all in Germany's postwar calculations. Even in the Balkans, a comparatively primitive region with plenty of openings for capital export, Germany is trying to lower, not raise, the level of production. Thus the first provision in an economic treaty forced on Yugoslavia in October and designed to integrate that country with the Nazis' "New European Order," was summarized by the *N. Y. Times* (Oct.

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15): "Yugoslavia must concentrate almost exclusively on increasing her agricultural production at the expense of any industrial development." And in the more advanced European nations Germany has conquered, where there is little room for capital export anyway, there have been many indications that in the "New European Order" Germany will try to create if she wins the war, the rest of Europe will be de-industrialized (i.e., there will be an 'export of capital' *to*—not from—Germany!) as much as possible to permit the concentration of the more advanced types of industry within the borders of Germany. This is the long-term perspective.

In the next few years—again if German wins—her economic relations with the conquered nations of Europe will have a different —but also a non-market—basis: the systematic stripping of the rest of Europe of the food, gold, raw materials and other property urgently needed by Germany for the continuance of her war effort. This is what Marx called 'primitive accumulation'—acquiring property not by exchange but by force. But was not this also practiced by the Allies on Germany after the last war? Not in the terms that Germany is now practising it. It is significant that (1) Germany never paid most of the reparations bill, and (2) most of what she did pay was paid with money borrowed from American bankers. That is, the Allies did not have the political control to *force* payment (the Ruhr occupation was a fiasco), and the conquered nation was actually able to borrow from one of the victors the means to pay the indemnity. In a word, the whole transaction took place not in the sphere of armed force but within the framework of peacetime capitalist market relations. This time, however, the victorious armies are in physical occupation of the conquered nations. And this time it is not a question of "indemnities" or "reparations"—conceptions of an *exchange* economy, so much gold and coal and ships being paid for so much destruction of enemy property, after which the payer is free from all obligation—but of a *permanent* adjustment of the political and economic structures of the occupied nations to fit the needs of the victor. And this time Germany, if she emerges victorious, is in a position not only to strip the defeated nations far more thoroughly than the Allies (not being in armed control of Germany) could do in 1918, but also to reorganize the entire continent into an economic hinterland of Germany—as against the Balkanized *status quo* attempted by the Allies at Versailles.

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W. R. Rodgers

STORMY DAY

O look how the loops and balloons of bloom
Bobbing on long strings from the finger-ends
And knuckles of the lurching cherry-tree
Heap and hug, elbow and part, this wild day,
Like a careless carillon cavorting;
And the beaded whips of the beeches splay
And dip like anchored weed round a drowned rock;
And hovering effortlessly the rooks
Hang on the wind's effrontery as if
On hooks, then loose their hold and slide away
Like sleet sidewards down the warm swimming sweep
Of wind, O it is a lovely time when
Out of the sunk and rigid sumps of thought
Our hearts rise and race with new sounds and sights
And signs, tingling delightedly at the sting
And crunch of springless carts on gritty roads,
The caught kite dangling in the skinny wires,
The swipe of a swallow across the eyes,
Striped awnings stretched on lawns. New things surprise
And stop us everywhere. In the parks
The fountains scoop and flower like rockets
Over the oval ponds whose even skin
Is pocked and goosefleshed by their niggling rain
And at jetty's jut, roped and ripe for hire,
The yellow boats lie yielding and lolling,
Jilted and jolted like jellies. But look!
There! Do you see, crucified on palings,
Motionless news-posters announcing
That now the frozen armies melt and meet
And smash! Go home now, for, try as you may,
You will not shake off that fact to-day.
Behind you limps that dog with tarry paw,
As behind him, perfectly-timed, follows
The dumb shadow that mimes him all the way.

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David Schubert

THE SIMPLE SCALE

She is playing, *The Harmonious Blacksmith;*
Inside the music is a window; there, she sees,
A raindrop's drop of dwindled rain,
A fly that lifts two legs, scratches, bored bourgeois.
The calculating air,—when lo!—
The music interrupts them all, as it interrupts itself.

I

That rushing tree is red! Breathlessly,—
John, where are you John?—an errand waits.

II

Shall he speak the slight mistake, without
The waving of handkerchiefs, the flat
Roofs falling, in the hurricane of hands.
Goodbye's a slight mistake; distances
Beside the secret conversation stand,
Beholding, like milestones, the harmonious blacksmith.

III

Their voices are thinned, and threadbare; they both sound,
A chinese school, a tawdry merry-go-round.

IV

Far, how far, O out of the sea's smoke quarries,
Its thousand skies, its gull claw sail,
Its horse's flashing tooth,—
And farther than the scream, that coils around
The underside of her smile,—to hide . . . underground!—
Their faces are like hollyhocks,
Across a fence of rain they mock
The puddle, and the chewing gum wrapper!

V

Pencil, pencil, speak it again,
How the woman is playing, *The Harmonious Blacksmith.*

VI

She is playing, *The Harmonious Blacksmith.*
Inside the music is a window.

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Is she this gay and wimpled smile,
That sobbing children will someday sob?
He is not too small, not too tall,—
He's one who doesn't grow at all.
They listen to the blacksmith, he is forging
Their ancient joy, their lucky leagues.
The rain is dusky with fatigue,
She leans upon it, she taps out
Globes of light on the window, she
Holds herself, on the raindrop's branch.

VII

She is playing, *The Harmonious Blacksmith.*

Randall Jarrell

SONG: NOT THERE

I went to the cupboard, I opened the door,
I cried to my people, "O it's not there!"
"How long did you think it would last?" said the cook,
Said the butler, "Does anyone care?"
But where is it, where is it? O it's not there,
Not there to be saved, not there to be saved,
If I'm saved it will not be there.

I ran to a plate, to a pig, to a dish,
An old china pig, a plate, to a pear,
Said, "To find it, O, I will look anywhere,"
Said, "Anywhere, Anywhere"—"Look anywhere,"
Said the plate as it laughed, "Yes, look anywhere;
There's as good as here, there's as good as there—
For where shall you look to be saved?"

I said to my people, the plate, to the cupboard,
The pig on its platter, the pear, the pear:
"O where is my salvation?"
"O it's not anywhere;
"You break in my head like a dish," said the plate,
"A pig," said the pig, "a pear," said the pear—
Not there to be saved, go not there to be saved,
If you're saved it will not be there.

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Art Chronicle

On Paul Klee (1879-1940)

KLEE BEGAN WITH one very important personal asset, and his early career seems to have been in many ways a struggle to place himself in the position to exploit it. This asset was the fact that he had been born and brought up in German Switzerland in the presence of a provincial—almost folk—art with its own local and particular traits, which had something relatively new to contribute to the main stream of Western painting, something at any rate that had not re-entered it since the sixteenth century. Klee did not draw upon provincial art in any very conscious or formal sense, but it was there in the neighborhood of his youth, he allowed himself to be open to it, and its manifestations are unmistakable in his work. There is the presence of something of which the antecedents lie beyond all the familiar formal traditions, even those of modernist painting. Klee's art deals with the minuscule and miniature, with linear details and complications, restless surfaces, carefully contrived and worked-out schemes, and with color keyed higher than is usual in our post-Renaissance painting. In their combination these are much closer to the traditional art of southern Germany and of German Switzerland than Flemish and Dutch painting is to the autochthonous art of its own region.

Klee's way of life may have been cosmopolitan, but his art belongs to the provinces in more than one respect. Its world is a closed one—capable of being divided infinitely, but limited in its expansion. It grew by intensification, not by extension. It is not big-city, cosmopolitan art in the way in which Picasso's is, although it depends upon and reinforces the advanced, international movement in painting. In spite of Klee's own aspirations it pretends to no statements in the grand style; it concentrates itself within a relatively small area, which it refines and elaborates. It moves in an intimate atmosphere, among friends and acquaintances. It belongs to Berne, Basel, Zurich, old-fashioned Munich, a region of bright, alert small cities, where the provincial situated at the intersection of two different national cultures has been modernized and brought up to date, but still remains provincial, a place comparatively remote from the nervousness and personal uncertainty of the metropolis, a place where it is still possible to be a bourgeois and to have a strong personality. Klee himself reminds one of a personage in one of those stories by E. T. A. Hoffmann about the small-town Germany of the eighteenth century: comfortable, musical, modest and fantastic. He welcomes influences and hints from places far off in space and time, but they are thoroughly worked over and assimilated to his own domestic décor. In contrast to Picasso for whom the primitive and archaic retain their character as such, Klee makes these homely and familiar, much less remote and severe. And for all the shocks with which it provides us, Klee's imagination is not as audacious as one has been led to think; its unconventionality is really that of an eccentric but respectable bourgeois, and its whimsicality and

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humor are not fundamentally unsettling. Klee's real audacity was his unconscious modesty, which accepted and accomplished the task of making an easel-picture out of almost nothing.

That Klee's painting relates itself so much to provincial art does not make it any the less a part of world painting—not any more than a composer's reliance upon folk music makes him a folk musician. Klee's experience of the great world—of Paris and of Africa too—was a purification that freed him from the historical prejudices of Western Europe's tradition of art. His contact with the works of Cézanne and of Van Gogh and of the Fauves and Cubists delivered him from that awe of Renaissance and classic art which had prevented so many German artists from following their native bents and had constrained them to waste themselves in trying to emulate the Mediterranean. (No one, I feel, did German art a greater disservice than Winckelmann with his institution in Germany of the cult of the antique.) After the discovery of oriental and primitive art our eyes were opened to experiences which violated our old habits. It became possible to find esthetic experience anywhere in history and geography. And finally, the artist was given carte blanche in the choice of his means when it was established that all that really mattered in a work of art was its "purely plastic" qualities, regardless of their antecedents and referents in other terms. Once Klee had appreciated this and once he had trained his talent down to the point where nothing was left except the instinctive co-ordinations of eye, hand and material, to which he could surrender almost all decisions in the confidence engendered of a long and very severe discipline—once he had done these things, he was ready to go home and be himself.

II.

Klee does not create unity of design, generally, by a large scheme which the eye takes in at a glance; this is the classical, Renaissance mode, and for the Renaissance pictorial design was decorative in an architectural sense, a matter of covering walls. Klee's feeling for design is rather what I would call ornamental. He worked in small format, in the tradition of those who illuminated manuscripts and illustrated books and painted pictures for very private possession, pictures modest in dimension and hung upon the walls of a familiar and personal interior. This is Dutch, German, bourgeois. Because it is small the picture requires close scrutiny. Because it concentrates rather than disperses visual attention it can be detailed and complicated. Most pictorial design to which we are accustomed is spatial; that is, the eye travels continuously along a line or a passage of color. But in Klee's painting design is almost *temporal* or musical. We seem to be more conscious than is usual in graphic art of something that has to be experienced in terms of succession and simultaneity. (Something very similar is to be found in Hieronymus Bosch's crowded, wriggling compositions and even in Hobbema's landscapes.) Klee's *line* plays the all-important part in this. It is not a line along which the eye feels its way, but rather a definition of relations—relations of points, line as Euclid defined it. It seems never to enclose or describe

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a shape or contour very definitely. It hardly ever varies in its width along a single trajectory, it has little plastic feel; we find it hard to say whether it is soft or sinuous, wiry or angular, and so forth. Adjectives do not fit the case, only verbs. Klee's line indicates, points out, directs, relates, connects. Unity of design is realized by relations and harmonies rather than by structural solidity.

However, precisely because line—and color too—are disembodied elements which do not adhere to bodies and surfaces, because there is an absence of weight and mass, a suspension of the laws of gravity, Klee's pictures have a tendency, when his inspiration flags and no longer sustains the oscillating, flickering, wavering movement which makes them live, to close up on themselves and become too decorative: too even, too balanced, too lacking in stress and relief from stress to be much more than flat, tinted patterns. Yet Klee produced some of his best work when he most consciously and deliberately incurred the dangers of decoration; as in the picture 'Pastoral,' which is composed only of horizontal bands of uniformly spaced linear motifs repeated symmetrically from left to right. Nevertheless it is a very successful easel-painting and has little of the static quality of decoration. In it Klee has isolated and concentrated the problem of decoration versus easel-painting, and he was able to solve the problem because he was very much aware of it.

The problem remains one of the most critical faced by abstract and semi-abstract painting today. The direction of painting since the latter half of the nineteenth century has been towards greater and greater emphasis upon the decorative and abstract qualities of pictorial art. This has entailed the abandonment of the representation of three-dimensional space, and the picture plane has become shallower and shallower, until now in the form of the purely two-dimensional abstract painting it has been reduced to its actual physical fact as a flat surface. Almost every attempt to achieve the illusion of depth has been surrendered. The difficulty which besets the abstract painter in so far as he wants to create more than decoration is that of overcoming the inertia into which his picture always risks falling because of its flatness. The easel-painting—and Klee was an easel-painter—relies upon the illusion of depth, of composition in depth and upon dramatic interest for the intensity of effect it must have to overcome its smallness and its isolation. The easel-painting must be a window, a mirror, a soliloquy, something at which one gazes with rapt attention.

Klee could not altogether accept the flatness of post-cubist painting. He showed his dissatisfaction with the impenetrability of the picture plane —impenetrable in that he could not pierce it by perspective and modelling—by worrying the surface of his canvas, by scratching and patching it, by painting on wood or plaster, by mixing his mediums, by returning again and again to water color, in which he could exploit the curl of the moisture-laden paper for the unevenness of surface he wanted. But all this was in the nature of an evasion; it was too mechanical and external, for all that it contributed, to provide a real solution. That had to come

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from within, that had to be less tangible. Klee attempted to solve the problem by color.

I do not think that Klee's color has the range of his line. Its register is limited, relatively, to tints: light, tender, aqueous, thin. It seldom inheres within definite contours, is seldom thick or solid. Like his line, it hardly defines or describes. It is color that intensifies and fades like light itself, translucent, vaporous, porous. Such coloration achieves a kind of depth, but not one in which "real" events and objects are probable. We see disembodied lines and flushes of color, but whether on the real surface of the canvas or in its fictive depths we cannot tell. Lines wander across areas of hue like melodies across their chords; surfaces palpitate, figures and signs appear and disappear. It is an atmosphere without dimensions. This is the brilliance of Klee's art.

But it is an extremely personal art, and as such unstable. Nor could Klee rest in it. He was driven to new problems—or rather new aspects and new difficulties of the old ones. From the very beginning his career had been a struggle with the problematical, and it continued to be that way until the end. In the quest for the irreducible and primary elements of the art of painting in which Klee participated along with such other abstract painters as Kandinsky and Mondrian, he was led in the direction of that same stricter and more geometrical simplification which they practiced. There was the compulsion to renounce representation almost entirely, even in the very figmentary way Klee had used it, and to surrender to the flat fact of the canvas by manipulating color and line in such a fashion as to produce a "purely visual" experience in only two unambiguous dimensions. Temperamentally, Klee could not altogether conform to these specifications. Yet he succumbed to them. Towards the end of his life he began to paint in large, massive, regular shapes, with solidly and evenly applied pigment. His pictures become hard and flat, and at the same time heavy. Line is suppressed as an independent factor, and loses its calligraphic movement, becoming thicker and heavier. The color turns acid and rather garish. It is pretentious painting in a way new for Klee, and one hardly suspects that it is the result of an effort to *purify* his art. There is an absence of that tact and that modesty Klee had accustomed us to expect from him. On the whole the production of his last years is extremely disappointing.

The illness from which Klee suffered towards the end of his life may have been partially responsible for this decline. In one who relied so much on spontaneity and who produced his art in an almost literal sense from the totality of himself, summoning every force he possessed, physical and mental, to the creation of a picture, sickness doubtless had a much more serious effect than would have been the case with a more deliberate artist.

III.

In working for decorative and narrative complications of line and in his use of color as tint rather than as the definition of surface and mass, Klee is to the modern painters of Paris somewhat as the school of Siena

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was to that of Florence in the early Renaissance. And he is also less realistic and at the same time more literary and sentimental. Space is flatter in the paintings of Picasso, Miro, Mondrian and the others, yet their pictures seem to inhabit a more actual atmosphere than that to which Klee's belong. Picasso's works move about in the world; they take place among other events and other objects. Klee's live in a more fictive medium and require of the spectator a greater dislocation, a greater shift.

IV.

The difficulties in the relations between "literature" and the "purely" plastic in pictorial art are focused most sharply in Klee's painting, because it embodies even better than Picasso's the transition from representational to abstract painting. Klee's insistence upon retaining identities —that is, indications of three-dimensional objects—and upon communicating anecdote and message is an aspect of the struggle to save easel-painting—in this case by saving poetry for it. However, Klee also painted perfectly abstract pictures, many of them almost as non-objective as Kandinsky's in spite of their literary titles. And it is significant that as one becomes more and more familiar with Klee's work little of the important qualities present in his more representational painting is found missing in his abstractions. And one begins to suspect that the virtues by which his art stands or falls have little to do with his denoted or explicit literary content.

We can never be sure as to what takes place when a picture is looked at, and there may be unconscious recognitions of "literary" meanings and associations which affect the observer's experience, no matter how much he concentrates upon the picture's abstract qualities. Yet in the case of Klee and of a good many other contemporary painters we do not have to look into ourselves as much as that in order to find out why we so often overlook or forget the subjects or subject matter of their pictures. For it is the art itself and the artist himself that may be responsible for our relative insensibility to anything except the abstract qualities of painting. It is not that nature is not imitated faithfully enough, but that nature and the external world are assigned a different role than formerly. Klee was not interested in the appearances of objects as such, and did not derive from appearances the main impulse to paint. He was more interested—so he says—in the meanings of things than in their looks. He indicated and noted objects, but hardly described them. As Grohmann, Klee's commentator, has pointed out, objects served him more or less as words, and like a primitive or child he wrote them down, copying only enough to be legible. He delineated or represented in order to communicate what he had in mind, not so much what he saw or even how he saw. He used the visible figuration of an object as one uses the sound of a word, and was controlled and impelled by appearances as one is in making poetry by the sounds of words.

It seems to me that one of the most important reasons for which Klee resorted to representation was the difficulties of invention, especially for one who worked so much in free line. The hand left to its own impulses dissipates its calligraphy in rhythmic repetitions. Of itself the hand is not

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very fertile. Nature and the world we see must suggest inventions to it. There must be some external constraint. Klee in a way recapitulated the very beginnings of graphic art, the development from aimless scrawling to the representation of recognizable objects. He would often begin a drawing with no definite intention or idea in mind, guided by nothing but the automatic movements of his hand, letting the line go of its own accord until it was captured by unplanned, accidental resemblances. These resemblances would be improved upon and elaborated. One would suggest another and give the impetus to further invention. And then Klee would discover his "message," and with his "message" the title of his picture—both, it seems to me, in the nature of afterthoughts. The picture hardly illustrated the title, but the title might explain the picture.

In its intention Klee's is perhaps the most literary pictorial art that has ever been attempted, since it tries to combine the ideographical and the representational, to be voluble through signs as well as through pictures of things. But to imitate objects or nature as perfunctorily as Klee does is for us, with our experience of Western art and our ingrained respect for the objective, to degrade nature and to misuse and discard it. Such neglect for the actual appearances of things does not mean, as many have claimed for Klee, a deeper penetration of their essential nature, but the rejection of representational art in favor of a more abstract language for the communication, as in music, of the artist's interior state. We see an arrangement of color and line used not to reveal a human being, a house, an animal, a garden, but to take advantage of the themes they offer for the artist's revelation of his own nature. And resemblances are indicated only to have the reality to which they refer travestied and reduced in the interests of constructing an object largely independent of resemblances for its effect.

To distort and neglect the appearances of the objective and external world does not mean necessarily to derogate it. But it happens that Klee was as much as any one else a child of his time, and expressed its general distrust of objective evidence, commonly held beliefs and attitudes and of the very nature of reality itself. This distrust, this uncertainty, forces the contemporary artist to withdraw into private areas. Mondrian takes refuge among the so-called universal, disembodied, platonic forms of painting—as private *at this moment* as any dream world; Picasso pays attention only to his own sensibility. He has a feeling of guilt, however, about his abandonment of nature and tries again and again, in spite of himself, to return to a more "universal" and "human" art.

But Klee was rather complacent about the privateness of his art *qua* privateness and strove to accentuate rather than diminish it in his most characteristic productions. Here again he was very much a German, a product of his national culture no less than of his times. He was one more illustration of that bias towards the personal and subjective which runs through so much of German art and literature, asserting the singular emotions and states of mind of the individual to be more important and true than that which is held to be objective reality.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

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Two Morning Monologues

Saul Bellow

9 A.M. Without Work

It's my father's fault that I'm driven from the house all morning and most of the afternoon. I'm supposed to be looking for a job. I don't exaggerate when I say driven. That's what it is. He's created an atmosphere in which if he found me at home, say at eleven in the morning, I'd feel intensely wrong and guilty. Even my mother has absorbed it from him, although she's much gentler, the old woman, and doesn't realize what's happening and how I'm being forced.

Pride and Investment: I take those words to supply the whole meaning of his attitude. "A good boy, a smart boy, American, as good as anybody else—but he hasn't got a job." One. Two: "Look at the money I spent on him." His idea is that anyone who has had so much money invested in him should not only have no difficulty finding work but should actually be sought by employers. "Hundreds people are looking for such educated boys. He should advertise in the paper. You'd see," he argues with my mother.

As a matter of record he has advertised twice already. The first time he didn't tell us, he wanted to surprise us. But he never got any replies, of course. In an evening's desperation, after supper on some evening, it will once or twice occur to him that it's my fault. I can tell. And he will look me up, whether in the parlor or on the porch, in the dark. But he never says a single word. He goes away, wondering about it I'm certain.

I'd just as soon stay home in the morning and read Dick Tracy, though I'm not in love with the house and I don't like to have the neighbors see me during the day. I often find myself wishing that mine had been one of the first draft numbers so that I'd be parted from both of them, especially from him, on official grounds. Perhaps I should become a volunteer. I needn't tell you how much I'd like to get away. But there, too, I'm too wise and too principled,

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moreover. I know a great deal about myself, in as well as out—privately, that is, as well as statistically. I'm very nearly sunk. What sort of getting away would that be? Total it any way, top to bottom, reverse the order, it makes no difference, the sum is always *sunk.*

The old man refuses to give in. He shakes his head at the dinner table. To him it seems reasonable that. . . . He has it all figured out. So and so's son is working for so much and so much. A dumbell. So why not . . . ? Things are this way and this way. He insists against bewilderment. It seems simple to him. And he never tires.

"You're a teacher, aren't you. Five years in college. The best. Alright, you can't get a teacher job? the market is flooded? So get another job for a while." His formulation against everything. When it happens that he's not working and we are at home together he feeds on it continually, grinding and grinding. "But then," you say, "a lot of people are out of work." Imagine it! To have to say something like that! "Oh sure." He nods. He knows that. Millions. It's true. But for some reason he never seems able to connect that with me. It's true for others; absurd for me.

Those ads were funny, very funny. The old woman and I both pleaded with him to keep my name out. "Jacob, it's enough the telephone number. They don't do like that. He's right, listen to him better." The first one was horrible. Let's hope nobody noticed it. I didn't want my name in the paper. I've always avoided parading it. I can't stand that. I can't remember a time in my life when I didn't swallow before saying it. And together with that ad. . . .

It's the same every morning. Between my parents, between the same circumstances, between the ferns and the mohair couch, smell of sleep and coffee, the old woman over the sink cleaning a pot or cutting oranges, the old man cooling his tea. It's the same alley, post in the alley, tin plate on the post reading 666. And it was the same before I went to school, then in grade school, high school, college. Perhaps the stairs have become darker, more buckled and gap-jointed. But that's all. I brought my books home and read them on the kitchen table. Same for Dapple Gray, Walter Scott and the *Counterfeiters.* My father bought this house before

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I was born. He lost it a few years ago but we continue to live here, in the same flat.

After breakfast he takes his bag with the overalls in it and his trowel and goes to work. Then my mother sees me to the door and puts my lunch in my hand. She wears an old bathrobe and her stockings are gartered loosely below the knees and falling. Sometimes she tries to kiss me goodby and I allow it. Ordinarily she is as strange to me as though she were dead or nonexistent. But then, when I recognize that she is alive—not only that she lives, but that she prepares my orange juice before I leave and hands me my lunch—it gives me an extraordinary twist. I am the only son.

Besides the lunch I get fifty cents for tobacco, for carfare, for a drink, for a newspaper, perhaps. Things that are essential.

I wait for the car, the Cottage Grove car, on the corner near Poland's grocery store. The Polands know me very well. They have been on the corner for many years. Mr. Poland waves at me from behind the counter withdrawing one hand from the breast of his apron, and smiles at me with his big, broad teeth whose discoloration makes a little flare in the early morning grocery-light. He wears an old fashioned belted cap. He says something to Mrs. Poland who is cutting down bananas from a bunch in the window. What can it be but, "Nu, Mandelbaum's boy is still looking for a position"? Their own son, Bobby, is an accountant. We're of about the same age.

It's a long ride. Often, when there's no special hurry, I get off and walk. In this way I have covered the whole distance on foot and I know every part of it—garages, laundries, re-sale stores, house foundations, autoparts, weeds—all in two colors, sand and gray. There are no others; seasonal colors, I mean. Near Twenty-second Street there are several new factories with slick fronts and neon piping in the office windows. And then, when the line turns down Wabash Avenue, past the movie distribution houses, you see huge tableaux of kiss and thrill and murder. But usually I read a book and pay little attention, while the car wobbles towards the Loop, except to see what the sun is doing. I watch it occasionally. Just before we creep under the elevated lines it appears for a moment. Not much hope for it, I remark to myself. If it outlives me it won't be for long. This morning it makes me think of nothing more important than a paper seal on a breakfast-food box. Yank it

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and the box opens. You will find a toy prize on top; a toy plane, crossed snow-shoes, a tiny loving cup.

About eight months ago the report was going around that the war was opening new jobs and for the space of a week I actually went from place to place renewing my applications. My father was excited. "You'll get it now. Now you'll get. Wait just, and we'll see." The crowds were large. I used to hate to make the rounds because I saw so many acquaintances. We had to stand around, we lied to each other and we were embarrassed. Afterwards I discovered there was no need to; after all. . . .

The word spread that companies were hiring and the agencies were surprised by an inrush of jobhunters. It wasn't true and there were no jobs, but there was a temporary stir and I would walk through the lobbies to the elevator quickly, head up, as though my business there had the support of purpose and money and influence. But upstairs I was reduced to the well-remembered waiting, sitting on benches, crossing and re-crossing my legs with the others, reading the signs forbidding smoking and stating the rates of the agency. People behave differently now around these places. They used to sit apart, more stiffly to themselves, while listening for their names. They tried to look proper. The way you're advised in school. Let the employer see a model young man or young woman—clean-cut, prudent, reliable. Not any more. They sit slumped now and don't care if there is a little dirt under the fingernails.

But there we were, handing around the papers, smoothing out the wrinkles, reading what new boats had been torpedoed and following the fight between the bookies and the courts.

For a whole week I was busy this way. I had no time to eat my sandwiches—pale meat on white bread is what they usually are—and I carried them in my pocket and in the afternoon a faint spicy smell would spring out. One of the closely curled leaves of my identity.

I wouldn't think of spending time as I did then hurling myself against the wall lettered *possible employment* in the hope of striking the secret panel of the sliding door.

The chief difficulty is in disposing of the day. Home, as I have said, is barred; the parks, the neighborhood too many others have successfully graduated from. But you find unusual resources,

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learning to eat your sandwiches, ordering only coffee, to lounge several hours in one place, to suck a maximum from each straw and pull the marrow out of a cigarette. Spring and summer are better than the cold seasons, but costlier. You want to buy cold drinks, you take an extravagant boat ride.

Eventually it will be settled, but the space between eventually and the present is long enough to stretch my legs in.

Here we are. What'll it be today, the library? museum? the courthouse? a convention?

11:30 A.M. The Gambler

What does it amount to? Close my eyes and pick, I may as well. It turns out the same; mostly sour loss. System is nothing and to try to dope them is just wasted. It isn't a matter you reach into yourself for, bringing it up and showing it to the eyes, open proof. The card is dark, always; the dice to the last roll. Even horses. Even? Better say especially. I'm not fooled about it. We're the ones at bottom who are least fooled.

So early in the day, before eating, the cigarette dizzies. Afoot I would reel. My face stays stiff after shaving. It's a job to open my mouth and swallow. The paper sticks to the lips, the smoke silky when it waves in the mirror over the cut-glass and the grapefruit.

Today's cinch it seems is Philomel. Philomel to cop the flower horse-shoe. The mud slipper, the way they run them. Or the jewelled hypo. That is if they do run them. It comes hoarse over the wire. Wouldn't be bad to see them run off one of these days. Far from the book in the tobacco shop, beyond the room where the smooth billiards run. Well, I'll make it yet.

This early in the morning is when you feel it most. What sort of life? An inadoor on a sad shaft. You can hear the showers down the hall where the girls wheel the canvas carts. Wet towels fall in, sheets on which the sleep hangs, the wax-wrapped bacon burning. And yet, when I leave, shoes smart, pants smooth, hat over the eye, tasting the first cigarette on the way down in the cage. . . .

And what about him? The sucker scraping the griddle, turning the eggs, paddling the bread with wet butter. I couldn't put in

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his twelve hours or the girl's staggered twelve—eight on the books and four around the block, I hear. Impossible way to live. Thanks, bud, not for me. We couldn't get along without them, whereas we could get along without me. Who picks us out? Who decides or what decides my place and their place? But anyway, not for me. To get around it counts. Slipping through. So far even in the Grand National for peacetime privates. But that I expected. It would have been funny to come out a loser with so many fall guys in. I don't think they'll get to me, either. If they do it's up to me to cover all the angles. There's a way through the cracks. This city, this country, is full of them and it's up to people like me to find a way through them.

You have to be able to recognize them. If you see them that way it breaks into spades, hearts. Thirteen in even tricks. What counts is reading them properly. You have to be on the spot when the kiss off comes, connect the pair, hit the straight, fill in when the right one snaps up. But it's the other way around too, in the same coin, when planes collide in all the room in the world, or you step out to meet the train front on, or the bullet in the field. A good example is that couple necking in Bucharest in their Ford when the skyscraper fell.

The point is, then—the big point—is there a way around? Often it seems there is and just as often not. It gives you the squeeze and makes you pant after the ten pinned under your vest. The regular ones feel that way sometimes, but the more important for the game are Mamas on their way to shop. The Twenty-six girls themselves are sometimes bit. I've known that to happen. And the kids with their baseball pools.

When you come to it there's a lot that has to do with what remains of it from childhood. Yes, far as the big dough may seem from it. And not only tossing pennies and coupons. Kids think they can control the world. Walk from one side of the room to the other and a bell will ring; throw a stone at the sky and wait for it to rain. Next time it will rain. I remember that. Step on the crack in the sidewalk and watch out. I used to watch others, angry with those who didn't look and stepped where they shouldn't upsetting the whole thing. What else. Coins on the bed when you're sick. Arrange them on the quilt and they fall out. In fives, threes in

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triangles. Add them backward and get more. Those tricks are in the blood.

Then you believe it's all in the way you manage. Manage right and be a big-shot. Manage right and never die. Fight him back with a stick; blow back in his face. It's in your hands to do it and in your power.

Walk on the edge without falling. If you fall, grunt, give yourself a punch when nobody watches. That's it, you see, the verge, the edge, the crumb of a minute before when any one of twelve, fifty, eight, thirty seven comes out. The last minute without air, without breath, without end. Though the keenness falls off when it's day in day out and the long shots break like well-controlled pitches and you win cagily, nervelessly. Like getting a pay envelope.

But lose, too. *Too* more often than not. That's how it turns out. Money owing, rent postponed, hole in your glove, one egg, cheap tobacco. Then you hear the swishing in the heart like a deck riffled, and the stains grow under the arm.

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Film Chronicle

Griffith and the Technical Innovations

A SEASON OF TYPICAL BLANKS gives the usual opportunity to talk in a genetic way about why American films of 1940-41 don't hang together. Restricting myself to merely formal considerations, I'd like to make 2 points: 1. Especially after Griffith, the technique has developed ahead of the art; 2. the atmosphere and style have a meaning apart from the action and thought. These failings have, of course, been obvious for 20 years, but perhaps I can enliven the discussion of them by reporting some current events in New York.

1.

An important difference between the history of cinema and all the other arts is that in other arts the technical innovations were mostly invented one at a time and as part of the total expression that the artist was to achieve; in an incorrect teleological formula we could almost say: "To express something new he invented a new means." In cinema, on the contrary, it seems *as if* a unique technique was available all at once but with nothing unique to express. (The falseness of this "as if" in the case of D. W. Griffith is what I here want to demonstrate.) The only similar outstripping of total expression by technical means that comes ready to my mind is the introduction of steel-construction and, again, of mass-production into modern architecture; and this is an important reason, surely, why most skyscrapers and most Hollywood movies vie with each other in esthetic blankness. (I do not mean in esthetic "badness," as e.g. a painting by Benton is bad because it is inflated, etc.; but rather that you cannot approach these things formally, their parts have so little formal relation.)

Recently (Fall 1940) the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art gave a Griffith Festival, accompanied by a little volume by Iris Barry: *D. W. Griffith: American Film Master.* The relation between these films and this book is most interesting. On the one hand we have a series of art works, ranging from 1909 short filmed-dramas like *Edgar Allan Poe,* thru such a remarkable combination of cinema and drama as *The Musketeers of Pig Alley* (1912), up to such fine, almost great cinema as *Broken Blossoms* (1919) and *Isn't Life Wonderful* (1924); in all of these, under whatever conditions of story or manner, we have integrated works concentrated to a total effect, often to a single effect; indeed, Griffith is so insistent on this unity, whether of mood, climax, or idea, that the film often seems schematic. On the other hand we have the description of an artist's work as if it were a series of introductions of novel technical means, such as moving the camera, trick-lighting, vignetting, plunging *in medias res,* and cross-

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cutting; or of novel categories of content, such as realism, psychology, social significance, or the Civil War. But to see these films in this light is to see them all wrong. Let me illustrate.

"Early in 1909 they"—Griffith and Bitzer his cameraman—"together contrived a strikingly novel effect of light and shade in *Edgar Allan Poe*, and a firelight effect which was widely remarked in the otherwise primitive and stilted *A Drunkard's Reformation*." (p. 16) But this "novel effect of light and shade" is the *whole* of *Poe*, which is nothing but the fusion into this chiaroscuro of the misunderstood poet, his suddenly appearing Raven, his wife dying of starvation, as against the callous publishers in their ordinary light; in fact this sad little picture is almost comic because it concentrates so powerful an expression into such a tiny magnitude. Again, that "widely remarked firelight effect" happens to be the *summation* of the drunkard's reformation: his home rather than his vice, etc. To conceive of these expressions as "technical innovations" or, to use another of the author's phrases, as "the development of screen syntax" is to make of D. W. Griffith a tramp like, say, Mark Sandrich, who is also a great innovator. For before illustrating further, let me draw the moral: How can Miss Barry make such a silly error? *It is precisely because she is thinking, when she thinks of cinema, of all the Hollywood output which employs such a warehouse of technical devices—yes, "introduced" by Griffith and others—with nothing whatever to say.*

Let me cite one or two of her favorite phrases: "Here he hit upon a new way of handling a tried device—the last-minute rescue—which was to serve him well for the rest of his career." (16) "It was a device which had seldom failed Griffith in the past and stood him in good stead now." (30). "Whether as a study in realism, as an ancestor of the gangster films of later decades, or as an exercise [sic!] in motion-picture composition *The Musketeers of Pig Alley* is a remarkable piece. The photography is extraordinary and the whole film predicts what was to come in the modern section of *Intolerance*." (19) As if, that is, the documentary photography, the carefully contrived chaos of the slum-alley, the gangster subject, and the wonderful montage of the man-hunt sequence (="an exercise in composition") had no intrinsic connection, but were a congeries of "beauties"; but if you imagine you are to hear of the intrinsic connection in the remarks on *Intolerance* of which this was a "forecast," you are sadly deceived. In general, that is, the mode of criticism here is like those books which tell of The Legacy of Egypt, as if the Egyptian culture consisted in the invention of the sun-dial for English country gardens.

Broken Blossoms is almost great; to my taste it is Griffith's most complete work. Miss Barry's remarks on it are in her usual vein and of no account, but let me indicate a few isolated appreciations of the picture itself in order to bring out my main point, which is *the difference between a film where every technical means is in intimate relation with the whole expression, and our films where a bit of technique is a distracting short-cut to convey indirectly some picayune information by the way.* Consider, for

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instance, Griffith's persistent vertical masking of half of the screen in this film; this is not a "special effect" but *comes to be expected;* thus our attention is centered on each character in his separateness and loneliness; when several come together on the whole screen, it is these isolated persons who come together. Recall, on the other hand, the numerous vignettes and arc-masks in *Birth of a Nation,* which generate the sentiment of being an onlooker at a panoramic spectacle, first distant (telescope), then filling the scene (arc). Such masking and vignetting has been called a mannerism of Griffith's! Yes, used as Ford would use it, it would be a mannerism. Again, consider the employment of color in *Broken Blossoms;* Griffith uses 3 or 4 tints (not technicolor, of course); these are introduced from the very outset to express dominant mood, and they come to be expected; then what a triumph, by what simple means, when the awakening of the Chinese boy to the beauty in his chamber is fortified by the change from a darker hue to the strange pink-violet which had appeared (if my memory serves) in the earlier scene of his peaceful homeland. And the green fog at the climax. But a director 1941 has all the rainbow of technicolor at hand and says nothing. Again, when a character, e.g. the pugilist, is introduced, it is with the following action: he is restrained from pleasure by his manager and does not dare revolt, *therefore* he tyrannizes over the girl; the psychology is schematic (tho sufficient for the story), but it *is* a psychology, it gives depth and pity to the action, and humanity to the catastrophe;—whereas the characters in so "psychological" a film as *The Long Voyage Home* are in the end nothing but faces, without human interest. Again, since so much has been said against Griffith's colorful subtitles, what of the remarkable rhapsodic titles in this film? The characters are again and again shown at their most meaningful moments, no footage is spent on merely expository matters: the poetic, often imagistic title fixes this moment as if in a different dimension; indeed, no higher praise can be given to *Broken Blossoms* than to say that the scene of the catharsis, where the Chinaman brings home the dead girl, is great enough and sufficiently well prepared to carry the famous title "All the tears of the world washed over his heart." Lastly, in the face of the trivial bits of hectic synthetic montage that ornament current movies (for instance, the Extras rolling off the presses to loud music), I would point to those strokes of lightning cunningly withheld by Griffith till the climax, where the wildly bowing young Chinamen suddenly bows at infinite speed and where rushing thru the fog he rushes into the camera at infinite speed.

2.

These are random examples of "technical innovations" as part of the art. In an appendix on photography to *American Film Master,* however, Beaumont Newhall concludes: "During the last 25 years the scope of cinematography has broadened enormously. Bitzer's experiments have been universally adopted and refined. Yet, looking back at the photographic beauty of the epic Griffith-Bitzer films, one is amazed that the

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quality of cinematography has not kept pace with its technical growth." I should think that there is nothing amazing about it, considering the institutionalizing of cinema as a business, the kind of success aimed at, and the kind of talent attracted. Further, where a medium has an important mechanical part, non-esthetic laboratory researches will produce innovations beyond the contemporary requirements of either expression or communication—e.g., technicolor. Then further, the commercial appeal of sensational innovations will introduce them into the expression anyway. But it is not these causes I am here discussing, but rather the formal effect: What is the formal effect of such an independent development of technique?

The answer is simple: it is the streamlined professional "Style" in which all stories are indirectly communicated—one can hardly say "cinematically presented." By professional I mean such an attitude toward the technique as makes it impossible to overhaul it afresh for each problem. But this uniform "Style" is not a chaos of effects, but a unified complex of: brightly reflected lighting; photogenic make-up; spacious interiors obviously without 4 walls; the ritual series of facial close-up—cut from face to face—*pan* of the interior (nothing is still for a moment)—and the follow-shot of the angelic person moving down halls and thru walls, freed from the laws of matter; the music that sounds from nowhere; the continuity of fades; the scrambling montage in which all dissolves into kaleidoscopy. Etc., etc., for it is worked out in all details. And make no mistake, this Style is itself a realized work of art with an unmistakable total expression: here is freedom, ease, domination of obstacles, evaporation of solidity, speed, super-humanity, day-dream (surely not night-dream!), and the pleasant destruction of the universe.

Well! what objection can even a critic have to so admittedly successful an expression of the abundant life? I confess that my bother is again a merely formal one. It is that the actions, thoughts, and virtues, the conversation, acting, and even beauty of the persons in these films is incommensurate with the prodigious lighting, scenery, camera-work, and cutting. Even the happiest ending (a skip of *two* grades up the economic scale) is not so liberating as the follow-shot thru the solid walls; the most brilliant beauties cannot people this clear space; and the wit and insight of the best Californian poets is not so clever as the montage. To put it another way, we have already seen these plots, this wit and philosophy, in literary romances of even an earlier day; but this world of the cinema style we have never seen on land or sea or in books. Therefore, it seems to me, the esthetic problem of Hollywood is as follows: *To find an action and a system of philosophy and ethics, and to construct out of aluminum a cast of characters, that will fit into an integrated pattern with the professional style of the camera-man and scene-designer.*

PAUL GOODMAN

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Books

THE LAST OMNIBUS

POEMS, 1930-1940. By Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
50 POEMS. By E. E. Cummings. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $1.50.
CANTOS LII-LXXI. By Ezra Pound. New Directions. $2.50.
FIVE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS. AN ANTHOLOGY. New Directions. $2.50

There ought to be a law against omnibus reviews and perhaps even against reviewing as many as two books together unless it is obvious that they ought to go together; and although I do not know who should decide that a connection exists, it ought not to be left to the penetration of the reviewer. There is no doubt some connection between Grimm's law and the latest patriotic homily by Mr. Henry Luce, but I do not know who could take the responsibility for it. The field of references supplied by a miscellany of last month's books is likely to have as much critical value as the matrix of military analogy through which Uncle Toby ordered his experience; and it has very little chance of being half so entertaining. In a review that includes Horace Gregory, Ezra Pound, E. E. Cummings, to say nothing of the Five Young Poets, the best that anybody can hope to do is to take each of them up in turn as a stick to beat the others over the head with.

We could easily begin by beating Horace Gregory over the head with a stick called Ezra Pound. (I confess that my heart isn't in it, but what else can I do? It is one of our most recent conventions, practiced with varying degrees of brutality, vanity, and skill, by the "younger men," e.g., Jarrell and Levin; and if there is anything better calculated to attract attention than the bad manners of a young man, it is the bad manners of an old man; by which rule I may expect to be fifteen times as brutal, vain, and skillful, as the young, being fifteen years older.) We have our analogy of the stick, which will be our critical approach throughout, and it will fortunately keep us from having to say anything about the people we beat with it.

Horace Gregory: one of the best poets of his generation in the United States; has never got his due; publishes too much, the too much in this book being most of the pieces written since *Chorus for Survival;* has a fine ear—or rather, I suspect, had it, unless the collapse of "The Postman's Bell Is Answered Everywhere," a recent poem, is only temporary. In this poem the loose rhythms are accompanied by a kind of willed documentation, in which there is little clean observation or energy of metaphor. There was a good deal of this sort of thing in the early poems: it came, I suspect, from the self-imposed obligation to uphold a social point of view

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which I have never been able to feel was congenial to Gregory. I mean congenial to him as a poet. For there are two things that he does supremely well and I do not know whether anybody has discussed them: elegy and nostalgia, and the two are constantly interwoven of the materials of his boyhood and ancestry. The shocked awareness that "industrial America" compromises the innocence of these emotions becomes articulated in something that may be roughly described as Marxism; hence the flat passages of social documentation which have an air of deliberate self-torture. It is as if the poet were saying, "I hate this, and if it could be corrected (by Marxism) I might recover the innocence of my childhood." This is perfectly serious, and is one of the historic situations of poets; for however complex a poet's nerves may be, his "ideology" tends to gross simplification. Our tradition of more than a century of blaming society for lost innocence makes us oscillate between nostalgia on the one hand and indictment on the other; but when Gregory gets out of this trap he writes some of the best poetry of the time. I would cite a great deal of *No Retreat* and most of *Chorus for Survival,* particularly number 15 of the latter. It is now time for somebody to undertake a close enquiry into this poet, to see what he adds up to.

What I have to say about Pound is going to be perfunctory: the new Cantos leave me very, very cold; and short of a roundabout survey of all the Cantos, the less said the better. Respect for Mr. Pound, were there enough space, could easily lead to the collection of small garlands, even from the new book; there are many beautiful passages lying limp on the sand. Some reviewers have remarked that Pound has no prosody in the new Cantos. I think this is a mistake: he has exactly the same prosody that he had in Canto I. The difference is in the subject-matter. In the first thirty we were able to attribute structure to the verse because we felt a certain historical unity in the material: there is for us something like a direct line from Homeric Greece through the Italian Renaissance to modern Europe; but between John Adams and the agrarian emperors of China there is only a community of economic abstraction, which Major Douglas alone understands today, and of high courtesy, which Mr. Pound evidently despairs of reviving.

If Cummings was as good as most people said he was fifteen years ago, he couldn't be as bad now as the neglect of *50 Poems* by the reviewers makes him out to be. If Cummings is now taking the penalty of a chichi reputation in the twenties, there is every reason to believe that the people who built him up in that special way ought to suffer it with him; but of course they will not. Nobody in those days was stronger for Cummings than Edmund Wilson, who was tireless in pointing out to us every novelty that Cummings produced. Have Cummings' defenders departed because he no longer produces novelties? Scattered poems in all his books, the greater portion of *and,* and three or four poems in the new book are among the best work of our time. Of these last, poem 34 ("my father moved through dooms of love") is the most moving and brilliant,

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and it is likely to be missed by readers who are certain that in the other new poems Cummings is doing his old typographical act as a routine and is producing nothing "new." This act seems to me to be as new as it ever was, and in itself as tiresome; but neither better nor worse.

In *Five Young American Poets* New Directions begins an annual anthology for poets who have not published a book and who, in the present state of commercial publishing, might get less attention individually than they would as a group. It is a good plan, but if Mr. Laughlin feels that he must put out five young poets every year, his standards will begin to sink somewhere around the third year: I suggest occasional rather than annual publication. Here each poet has forty pages, complete with photograph, holograph fragment, and self-written introduction. Mr. Jarrell's introduction is easily the best, for what one would expect actually happens: when he discusses himself the savagery of the wit which he turns upon others mellows a little, and we see something of the genuine critical power that he will no doubt develop further. Mr. Berryman's self-scrutiny is intelligent but unnecessary; it comes to the conclusion that a poem cannot be paraphrased. Mr. O'Donnell sets up a high traditional standard before which he feels a modesty that does not wholly convince me. I cannot remember what Mr. Moses says. And Miss Barnard sets out to say nothing and, with a great deal of propriety, succeeds.

I must confess that the great hopes I had for this anthology have been a little disappointed. There is a great deal of talent here, and it may mature in the next few years. At present even Jarrell and Berryman, the most brilliant of the five, do not quite come off. It is not that they still exhibit their influences: Eliot still shows traces of his. As to Jarrell, the main influence is Auden—which is neither here nor there; but it is very much to the point that he seems to be so afraid of writing an organized accentual-syllabic line that he gives the impression of roughening the metre without an eye to any definite effect. The result is frequently merely an accentual line which can be scanned but not read. There is something casual and at the same time, indirectly, a little pretentious about the effect. Nevertheless, so far as I can see, Jarrell is the best we have to offer as a white hope for poetry in his generation. He has written three or four poems that can compete without embarrassment with the best of our time.

At a glance Berryman looks still better, and he may actually be better; though I doubt it. In terms of what he is doing he has considerably more control than Jarrell, but it is possible that the control is premature. For example, too many of his poems go off into the fixed direction of the meditative convention of Yeats: at his comparatively early age he seems to have got set in the tone of pronouncement and prophecy, with the result that his powers of observation are used chiefly for incidental shock. Yet his line has more firmness and structure than Jarrell's, and there is a sense in which he is more mature: he is not afraid to commit himself to systematic and even solemn elaborations of metaphor. So in

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his way he is bolder than Jarrell, line by line, but within a structural timidity of feeling which I believe comes of his too great reliance upon Yeats.

These men would be good poets anywhere. (How many poets, in any ultimate sense, "come off"?) O'Donnell's poetry has puzzled me for some years. He has been almost wholly successful in frustrating himself with certain influences (chiefly Ransom) that have come his way. I think the main trouble with O'Donnell is that his poems are less structures of feeling and image than public performances, of which "Commencement Oration" is typical. He has succumbed even more completely than Berryman to the tone and convention of "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory." But on the credit side it must be said that his mimicry has a certain innocent quality, which may mean that he lacks self-consciousness and that he may develop genuine power when he matures. There is no doubt about his gift for language.

I can see Mr. Moses' virtues, but after reading his section three times, I could not remember an individual poem, and I decided that his virtues were not interesting. I think Miss Barnard might be more interesting if she applied the same finical anxiety to the development of a prosody that she applies now to avoiding one.

ALLEN TATE

LAWRENCE DENNIS'S 'REVOLUTION'

THE DYNAMICS OF WAR AND REVOLUTION. By Lawrence Dennis. The Weekly Foreign Letter. $2.50.

The mortal danger for American democracy that is signalized by this book does not arise from the outright Fascist character of its main thesis according to which

> "The American problem, now that the capitalist-industrial revolution is over, is to get on with the new socialist revolution. To stop the new revolution, here or abroad, is impossible. It should, therefore, not be attempted. The New Deal in America is as integral a part or phase of the new world revolution of collectivism, the successor revolution to that of 19th Century capitalism, as are Communism in Russia, Fascism in Italy, or Nazism in Germany."

In spite of this outspoken "totalitarian" bias, the book of Mr. Dennis does not constitute a handbook and pocket guide for the American Hitler to come. It is by far too rational, coherent and consistent to compete with "Mein Kampf" as the ideological expression and corollary of an effective totalitarian "revolution." More likely it corresponds to the preliminary work done by Sorel, Pareto, Charles Maurras, Nietzsche, Spengler and other luckless theoretical forerunners of the fully matured Fascism and Nazism of 1922 and 1933.

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Why then was this book of an outright critic of present-day American democracy so badly received by the good people of America? Why does the American public run away from a serious and straightforward discussion of an urgent problem while it shows itself much more receptive to the sugarcoated form in which a smaller dose of the same poison was recently presented by the booklet of Mrs. Lindbergh? What is it running away from? The answer, for the present reviewer, is to be found in the fact that the American democratic and anti-fascist intelligentsia runs away from its own bad conscience.

There is practically no answer to Mr. Dennis' case for Fascism from the standpoint of present day American "democracy" as represented by the two political parties, by the bulk of the press, the colleges, and the bureaucracies of big business, government, and organized labor. Why should the D.A.R. quarrel with Dennis' statement that capitalist society in this country, just as in all other countries, has originated from a veritable revolution? How could they object to his identification of Fascism and Communism, and of both with American New-Dealism? Why, Dorothy Thompson herself has recently discovered the truly "revolutionary" character of Nazism and described the current Nazi war in terms of a "world revolution."

Once having conceded the revolutionary nature of totalitarianism, it does not matter whether one uses that epithet for blame or praise. The very admission of its revolutionary significance implies a complete abandonment of the cause of present-day democracy by its professional defenders. There are many other forms in which the same sentiment of defeatism manifests itself in the very language of the most important spokesmen of present day democracy. There is, for example, a widespread belief in an intrinsic superiority of the fascist methods for solving the problems arising from chronic mass unemployment and the ensuing waste of resources and man power. There is a tacit agreement that such methods will be necessary in times of war.

Bourgeois "democracy," it would seem from such evidence, today is divided within itself. It is secretly convinced of the several material advantages that could be derived for the so-called "elite" and, to a lesser extent, for the mass of the people as well, from an acceptance of the fascist methods for peace and war, in the fields of economics, politics and, may be, even for the promotion of the so-called "higher" cultural and ideological interests. It is apt to regard the very institutions and ideals for which it is prepared to "fight," as a kind of "faux frais" of production, and of conducting the business of an efficient modern administration, and of fighting a modern war. It never seriously considered "democratic" methods as an adequate means of running an important private business or, for that matter, a businesslike trade union. It would prefer, on the whole, to have its cake and to eat it too, that is, to apply those amazingly successful new methods to the fullest advantage and "yet in all this," "yet at the same

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time," somehow to retain a workable "maximum" of the traditional "democratic" amenities.

The author himself is well aware of the flagrant contradictions that arise from this ambivalent attitude of an increasing part of the American public to the new phenomena produced by the advent of fascism and brought nearer our shores by the progress of the Nazi war in Europe, Africa, and Asia. He compares the good American demagogue who blames everything that is wrong with America on Hitler, with the good Hitlerian strategy to blame everything that is wrong with present-day capitalist society on the Jews. There is no doubt, in fact, that the recent spread of anti-Hitlerism and war hysteria among people who formerly showed little concern with broader humanitarian problems, expresses, among other and more immediate material interests, a growing sense of insecurity and a "split personality" problem. For these are the social classes which hitherto felt confident of their ability to make their business go in spite of the unnecessary additional expenses due to a more or less verbal allegiance to the "democratic" and "liberal" traditions.

In defining our own position toward Dennis' book we accept, for the purpose of discussion, his postulate that "definitions must be made by those who make history." We admit that "democracy" in the concrete is equivalent with "capitalism," and we do not demur to the peculiar form in which he unites New Dealism, Russian Communism, Fascism and Nazism under the common denominator of "Socialism." We accept the historical fact that both branches of traditional democratic socialism (the Utopian as well as the so-called "scientific" socialism of the Marxists) so far have turned out to be equally Utopian and unable to prove their theoretical claims by historical action.

We must insist, however, on a very real and historically well established distinction which is entirely ignored by Mr. Dennis. There is one common feature in every revolution of the past including that great bourgeois revolution of the 18th century which impressed him so much that he wants to declare it "permanent" and to regard the social revolution of our time, as assumedly performed by Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and the New Dealers, as a mere "continuance" of the same *permanent capitalist revolution.* All genuine revolutions of the past have achieved a new freedom for all by the emancipation of a hitherto suppressed class. They have destroyed the obnoxious privileges of a ruling minority and opened new avenues of human progress and the pursuit of happiness. Nothing of this is to be found in Dennis' description of his "new revolution" nor, indeed, in the historical events to which that term is meant to refer.

According to Dennis' own words this "new revolution of the 20th century" is "the product of necessities and frustrations rather than of opportunities and aspirations." It finds its ultimate aim in that it "simply wants more or better order," more "control" and more "discipline" for the purpose of preserving and reinvigorating the decaying economic and class structure of present-day capitalist society. Those are the characteristic

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features not of a genuine revolution but of its reactionary counterpart, a destruction and frustration of the revolutionary forces by the forces of the counter-revolution. To mistake for a genuine revolution the very movements by which Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin destroyed the meager remainders of the attempts at a revolutionary transformation of European society made by the post-1918 democratic and socialist movements—this is the worst that, after so many terrible mistakes and failures, could still befall the progressive forces of humanity. It is the one thing that could still add to the misery and serfdom of the workers in a world that is already overflowing with death, serfdom and misery.

KARL KORSCH

TO BE CONTINUED

FATHER AND SON. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $2.75.

The problem of what to say about James Farrell at this stage of the game has given some of the critics a few, but only a few, uneasy moments. On the part of many of them it has become the custom, if not so far the requirement, in dealing with his later novels, to stretch out the phrase "More of the same," decry Mr. Farrell's geographical preoccupation and documentary fetish, and ask (hesitantly) the question, "How much longer is this to go on?" There is some justification for some parts of this method of treatment, for Mr. Farrell has covered more space in telling the story of the O'Neills and the O'Flahertys than he allowed himself for the whole of *Studs Lonigan*. The end still appears to be a long way off. Short of a mammoth catastrophe that would do away with all members of both families in a chapter or two—a most unlikely eventuality—it seems quite possible that the series which began with *A World I Never Made* is to be told in far more volumes than one would care to carry under one arm for any distance. Mr. Farrell, like M. Romains and M. Martin du Gard, is satisfied with nothing less than everything; and surely many readers, infirm or ailing or merely shaken momentarily by the insecurity and precariousness our civilization tenders us, must be asking themselves in the dead of the night: "Will I live to finish *Men of Good Will?* Will I still be here when Danny O'Neill matriculates at the University of Chicago?"

It is probably unnecessary by now to point out that Mr. Farrell is long-winded, that he is stubborn, that he is often irritatingly repetitious; luckily for us, he is also one of the finest novelists of our time, and his faults are faults that he shares with some of the greatest writers. The task he has set for himself is staggering; that the task is carried out so thoroughly and so methodically continues to astonish us.

Father and Son brings us up to 1923 and is "more of the same" with a few notable differences. The bitter and the tender are both here, but it is the latter that is gaining ground. Priests and nuns, for instance, are no longer treated with the mailed fist Mr. Farrell used to employ on them; it is their individual differences that are stressed now. Lizz, Mrs. O'Flaherty,

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Peg, and Al—characters that were spotlighted previously—move into the background to make room for large performances by Jim O'Neill and his son, Danny. The novel is chiefly concerned with Jim's decline and end, and Danny's adolescence. Jim, after a lifetime of hard work, suffers a number of strokes and turns into a helpless paralytic, resigned and defeated. His death comes before there has been any real understanding between him and his son.

To his other accomplishments, Mr. Farrell has added that nearly impossible one—the creation of a believable and three-dimensional autobiographical hero. If there were symptoms, in the previous volumes, of a certain colorlessness in Danny O'Neill, they have vanished now. After such figures as Eugene Gant-George Webber—he of the goat-cry—we are relieved, but not surprised, to find that Mr. Farrell has given us something very remote from the usual "spokesman." His hero's jokes are bad, his taste worse; he is vain and his thoughts are ordinary, his opinions properly childish; the drunk he goes on is as honestly told as the exploits of Studs Lonigan. And yet Danny is highly sympathetic; the usual pat literary "sensitivity" has been scraped off to reveal the human. Danny O'Neill may be "against the world," but not in any romantic sense.

There is, I think, one most important reason for withholding certain judgments on the work on which Mr. Farrell is engaged at present. No one foresaw when reading the early volumes of the Lonigan trilogy—no one was capable of foreseeing—that the completed and collected work was to be far more powerful than even its three powerful sections. The bricks that Mr. Farrell laboriously assembled on his roof to topple over on the passerby were of an amazingly large number; but circumstances required that they be pushed off, originally, in three separate piles. This method stunned many; it was reasonably successful; but later, when they all went over at once—to drag out the metaphor to the bitter end—Mr. Farrell had succeeded in bringing off a vastly stronger and more lasting impact. What the O'Neill-O'Flaherty work will finally come to, with its wider canvas and its looser structure, it would be fantastic for anyone to predict. Mr. Farrell's effects are cumulative and not immediately apparent; in the mean time, while we wait, the individual volumes continue to be superbly readable.

WELDON KEES

THE LINCOLN MYTH

LINCOLN: LIVING LEGEND. By T. V. Smith. University of Chicago Press. $1.00.

Eighty years ago Abraham Lincoln delivered an election-year lecture at Cooper Union in New York City. Like all but a very few of his speeches, it was not a particularly distinguished performance. Lincoln revealed himself merely as the safe and soft-spoken Republican politician who was to be seized upon a few months later by conservative cliques at the Party

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convention to wrest the presidential nomination from the radical William Seward. Those were, after all, the supreme days of a young and maturing American capitalism. In the spring of 1860 the Republican platform would formulate a great program for railroads, banks, tariffs, homesteads, and for the uncompromising maintenance of the Union. And throughout the campaign year the political contest would only serve to reinforce in the sensitive Northern spokesmen a new consciousness of their own strength and a critical awareness of their historic position. A Carl Schurz, in Settembrini-like organ-tones, would plead, "*This is the nineteenth century* . . . the grand march of progressive humanity . . . every steam whistle, every puffing locomotive is sounding the shriek of liberty!" A Zachariah Chandler, with the brutal impatience of a millionaire midwest merchant, would shout, "You have the power now! But the day is not far distant when the measure you mete to us today will be meted to you again." And a Seward, with supreme confidence, would preach, "We are building a new and great empire. . . ." In this historic stand of American capitalist society, the Abraham Lincoln of Cooper Union (or of the White House) played a fortuitous role. As a Hamlet who could neither control nor even understand events, he is certainly one of the most fascinating personalities in world history. As a leader in the second American revolution, he was nothing more (or less) than a political mediocrity.

Eighty years later, from the very same Cooper Union rostrum, T. V. Smith (Chicago professor of politics and a practicing New Dealer from Illinois) delivered the first annual Abraham Lincoln lecture. Strangely enough, this too is not a particularly distinguished performance: a safe and soft-spoken address almost Lincolnesque in its studied dullness and its inability to convey the note of contemporary excitement. Today, in the second historic stand of American capitalist society, Abraham Lincoln has become the organizing genius and tutelary saint of "democratic victory." Smith, in what should almost be reckoned as a serious heresy, fails somehow to invoke "Father Abraham" for anything more significant than the solution of the so-called "corporate problem." Of the War and Hitler's world-revolutionary threat to the Log-Cabin, there is nothing. Of America's new pioneering crusade (now that Carl Sandburg, Robert Sherwood, and Raymond Massey have been mobilized) to make the world safe for Abraham Lincoln, not a phrase. This, certainly, is not the Mr. Smith who went to Washington.

Neither of the Cooper Union addresses, it must be said, has any real importance. What is, of course, of importance, and of decisive historical importance, are those "eighty years" between crises, organized with reference to the developing meaning of the Lincoln symbol. And what this body of Lincoln literature required was an historical study of the origins of the myth of "Father Abraham," and a functional analysis of its role in the culture of American politics and leadership from Grant and the politicos through the revolt of the Populists and Wilsonians to Rotary Club dinners and 1940. Such a project could lay bare the mechanics of this amazing

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Lincoln cult,—so central to the developing war ideology in America today, —by explaining "the ever living legend" not in the absolutist terms of Smith ("Promoted to the purity of legend, with hardly a speck of mortality left to dull his radiance, Lincoln's life is now the embodiment of, and his career the irradiation of, pure principle."), but rather in *the historical context of the rise and decline of a whole society.* ("The social revolution," Marx wrote, "cannot draw its poetry from the past, but only from the future. It cannot begin with itself, before it has stripped of all superstition in regard to the past. Earlier revolutions required world-historical recollections in order to arrive at its own content; the revolution must let the dead bury their dead. There the phrase went beyond the content; here the content goes beyond the phrase.")

The American Civil War, after all, was the way a world ended and a new world began. It was the transition from a world of Emerson and Jackson and Silas Lapham to a world of Morgan and Grant and Frank Cowperwood. It was the central turning-point of the American experience: what preceded led up to it, what followed led away from it. And nothing reveals more dramatically its pivotal character than this anxious return everywhere in American comment today to the theme of Lincoln and the war years and "the living legend."

This was, it is true, the year of oracles in American politics, when faiths were renewed and the turn of events submitted to the spiritual guidance of the national heroes. (At moments in the recent campaign it seemed that the Republican crowd were still running the Old Railsplitter.) It was a year of ritual and ceremonial mumbo-jumbo. However, the current invocations of "a usable past" possess, I feel, a deeper content. Today, when capitalist society in America as everywhere else in the world is facing alternatives which are as final as they are fundamental, no one dares to meet the future without the strength and sanction of the past. The resurgence of historical traditionalism at this point has the special character of an instinctive and profound movement toward self-preservation. In the beginning there was the Word—and the Word was Lincoln's. In the beginning there was the poetry, the heroic illusions of a great historical tragedy. And these today are being borrowed. The dead are being awakened—to glorify the new struggles, to magnify the given tasks in imagination, to find once more the moving spirit of revolution.* Hegel once remarked

*What has happened to "our glamour," Howard Mumford Jones inquired recently in one of the earliest and most remarkable of the calls for "a patriotic renaissance." "Inasmuch as the vaunted conflict among ideologies threatens to be won by the nation with the greatest belief in its own mythology, I wonder now that scientific historians have destroyed most of the American myth, what it is that American democrats are to believe in during the coming struggle. . . . If democracy should have to fight, will it be emotionally inspired by the sound historic fact that the Lincoln administration is supposed to have favored the high-tariff crowd? . . . I cannot picture a younger generation going into Armageddon inspired by memories of railroad grants. . . ." *"The only way to conquer an alien mythology,"* Professor Jones concludes, *"is to have a better mythology of your own."* This ideological false-front has become, as a natural matter of course, the central mechanism in the political theory of such publicists as Max Lerner, Dorothy Thompson, Allan Nevins, and a host of others. The masquerade has begun.

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that all great world-historical facts and personages occur, as it were, twice —which Marx corrected to read: the first time as genuine tragedy, the second time as farce; the second parodies the old, takes flight from reality, merely makes a ghost walk again. The anxious return to Lincoln and the Civil War years reveals an exhausted society, wanting in any new creative energy, falling back to its own point of departure. In its beginning, apparently, was its end.

But to return to Smith, credit for one unforgettable contribution must be conceded. I quote a passage which casually might appear to be a mere confession to a sentimental idiosyncrasy. ". . . The sun is down—the February sun, without even a golden glow to lighten the leaden sky. If the weather lifts, I shall visit the tomb of Lincoln before I sleep tonight, looking softly at its majesty in the starlight. But if it snows as the darkening sky portends I shall presently walk down the front steps of the state house, past the statue of Douglas, pausing as many times before in the snow, to see how Lincoln is tonight. His face always seems to me to lighten its sorrow when seen through the falling snow. . . . He saw things; he heard voices out of the past; he saw visions of what was yet to be. . . . Let him remain, as he has become, the symbol of the promise of our Democratic-Republican politics, and the steadying eidolon of our American overcause." So very far from being sentimental or idiosyncratic, what Smith has done is to work out a sacred formula for the deference to Abraham Lincoln which has already established itself as an inviolable ritual of bourgeois politics in America. JOHN MELVIN

RADIO'S GIFT TO ART

FOURTEEN RADIO PLAYS. By Arch Oboler, with an essay, "The Art of Radio Writing" by the author, and foreword by Lewis Titterton and Irving Stone. Random House, New York. $2.00.

Fourteen plays have been culled from the few thousand radio plays of Arch Oboler, radio's Odets, and Lewis Titterton and Irving Stone introduce them to a reading public with reverent forewords. For instance, says Mr. Stone, the ideal way to read these plays is in a darkened room. They must be read with the ear, and with mental mood music. There is an art, in reading a radio play, says Mr. Stone, the art of being one's own symphony orchestra and sound-effect man. To the playwright's first five minutes the radio dramatist has a bare five seconds to capture his audience, which impels Mr. Stone to say that the playwright can be a seductor in capturing his audience, the radio dramatist must be a rapist. Continuing the pretty play of words Mr. Stone advises that the radio play reader must therefore wholeheartedly surrender to Rapist Oboler if he is to be richly rewarded.

Studying these fourteen chosen works in a darkened room with my

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imaginary orchestra playing softly and my imaginary sound effects man making Door Bangs, Rainfall, Wind Soughing, Machine gun fire, etc., the resulting impression is that Mr. Oboler is for peace, the flag, motherhood, marriage, boyhood, mankind, and above all the underdog. This isn't so crazy as it sounds, for last year Proctor and Gamble paid him $4000 a week for a half hour show and that was just peanuts to what he earns now combining the cinema with his radio work. The fertility of his imagination is so frightening it would take a propaganda analyst to predict where Oboler will strike next. Here in one tiny volume horrid wives turn into cats before your very ears (*The Cat Wife*), innocent Bronx merchant sells reefers to high-school boys but gets citizenship papers (*Mr. Whiskers*), pregnant wife finds doubtful husband really wants baby (*Baby*), prize-fight manager turns illwon gains to priest to ease conscience (*Mr. Ginsburg*), boy surrenders father to Gestapo by mistake (*The Man to Hate*), Nadeja Philaretovna reminisces for an hour on her strange love affair with Tschaikovsky while orchestra plays 'None But the Lonely Heart,' radical takes cruel dictator three thousand feet under water in bathysphere to Palmgren's *The Sea* segueing (technical term) into wind sighs and splash of water; bridegroom-to-be finds baby in auto backseat to music of *Wedding March* segueing into sound of automobile moving along; old man loses job to son, capitalist heiress sees error of profit system, two richies see their death dates written in sand by a little old man who isn't there. The one great virtue to be noted as Mr. Oboler's genius whizzes through its gamuts is his avoidance of the phoney poetic cadence. The empty oratory of the MacLeish radio plays is agreeably missing; surprisingly enough there is no pompous wallowing in Word Magic.

As human beings the Oboler characters are not convincing, possibly because the ear needs more repetition than the eye. These fifteen-and-thirty-minute-people are about as genuine as the little Brooklyn men that come around, their dilemmas as profound as Li'l Abner's or Popeye's. It may be that the author has lived so exclusively in his radio world that people to him have microphone faces and exist only as long as they're on the air. Anyhow the effect of reality does not come through in these one shot plays the way it does in a year-in-year-out serial show like Fibber and Molly McGee. In his ivory powerhouse of frequency modulation, color television, bi-aural sound broadcasting, three-dimensional radiovision Oboler seems to have made no contact with the living world; bathyspheres are easier for him to conjure up than baby carriages.

Time magazine says that Oboler now lives in Hollywood and by pinching a little here and there has managed to buy a twenty-five acre mountain top and has even cut into his little savings to have a Frank Lloyd Wright house with a mountain river running through the simple living room. This shows a love of nature surpassing most people's. Even Joyce Kilmer, loving his tree the way he did, never took it home to live with him. A radioplay is forming in my mind now (to mood music of

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'Over the Waves') called *The River Wife*, to be read under the proper conditions. Turn out the light and read this with your ear, if you please.

(*Fade-in Bessie ad lib chatter*)

ARCHIE (*hysterically*): Good God, Bessie, you're changing into a river! —like a river. That's what you are—a river, a river that goes on and on and never stops.

(*Sound of 'Over the Waves' segueing into river purling.*)

BESSIE (*through filter in under-water effect*): Oh, Archie, what have you done to me! Where are my hands—my feet—oh—oh—

ARCHIE (*hysterically*): Good God, Bessie, you'rs changing into a river! Oh what have I done, what have I done, oh my poor Bessie!

BESSIE (*making hysterical river noises with mood music continuing back behind*): A fine thing! Just look at me. Now none of my new clothes will fit—and will you look at the trout all over me! Oh, I hate you, Arch Oboler, do you hear—hate—hate—hate—(*Voice fades into river purling, 'Over the Waves' segues into angry river growlings as it rises, flooding the living-room. Fade-in of Oboler's drowning cries segue into Musical Curtain of 'River, Stay Away From My Door.'*)

DAWN POWELL

Letters

THIS HUMOROUS FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY—AN EXCHANGE OF LETTERS

Dear Mr. Morris:

It was suggested to me that the PARTISAN REVIEW would be interested in hearing of an undertaking of some significance 1) for American letters and 2) for the cultural fight against fascism.

The European P.E.N. Club, a branch of the International P.E.N., has reconstituted itself in America.

The group includes men who have exercised the greatest influence on the development of culture in their native lands. They include Feuchtwanger, Werfel, Zweig, Sforza, Undset, Maeterlinck, Maritain, Maurois, Augenheimer, Goffin, Bruckner, Hoffmeister, Del Vayo, Stern, Maugham, Maurois, Romains, Milano, Lania, and others. They are rounding up those members of the European P.E.N. who are now in America to carry on, from here, the fight for a free culture. The weight of their fame will go far to help them, and us, in that fight; and the significance for the future development of our own culture is obvious.

On April 29th, under the auspices of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, an Inaugural Dinner of the European P.E.N. in America is planned. Its purpose is to gather together into one room not only the great men of letters, but the great numbers of people who are concerned with the fight against fascism on all fronts, and with the future of America.

The major event of the evening will be some back-talk to Hitler. Members of the European P.E.N., including those names above, and of the English and American branches, will speak to the assemblage, and to the United States, over a nation-wide hook-up; then, they will address the people of their conquered countries, in their own languages.

President Roosevelt is expected to extend a welcome, via radio, and Dorothy Thompson will be given her chance to talk to Hitler again.

Could you help us in any way? We have very little money with which to put this through. But what we need most is space to make our announcement, and lists of people to whom we could write and tell about it.

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I would be most grateful to hear your reactions, soon.

Sincerely yours,

JOCELYN WAGNER,
Chairman,
Inaugural Dinner Proceedings.

March 13, 1941.

Dear Miss Wagner:

Thank you most warmly for the invitation to join the P.E.N. Club in its cultural fight against fascism. As you probably know, in its three years of existence, the present PARTISAN REVIEW has steadfastly opposed all forms of totalitarian oppression, both red and black. We are therefore glad to accept your invitation to help the P.E.N. Inaugural Dinner give "some back-talk to Hitler."

There is, however, one condition we feel obliged to make: that among the speakers at the dinner there shall be one at least who represents our general political point of view. For, as you are also no doubt aware, while there is no disagreement between PARTISAN REVIEW and the P.E.N. Club as to the life-and-death necessity for fighting fascism, there is considerable disagreement as to the proper tactics in this fight.

Specifically, the P.E.N. Club has generally seemed to favor a defense of the existing democratic status-quo, supporting the present governments of the United States and England in the war against Hitler. We of PARTISAN REVIEW, on the other hand, have never made any secret of the fact that we think this course must lead either to military defeat or to the installation of a domestic fascism over here, or—as in France—to both. We think that only a democratic socialist government, installed by revolutionary action of the workingclass, can defend democracy against fascism from without—and from within.

If provision can be made to allow for the presentation of *this* method of fighting fascism, then we should be very glad to give any help we can to your Inaugural Dinner. This seems to us, I might add, a reasonable request from the standpoint of democratic procedure. We have no doubt the P.E.N. Club will want to have the fullest possible freedom of expression—and disagreement—at its Inaugural Dinner.

Sincerely,

DWIGHT MACDONALD
for the editors of PARTISAN REVIEW

March 28, 1941

Dear Mr. Macdonald:

Have you a sense of humor?

Cordially yours,
JOCELYN WAGNER

April 2, 1941

NOTE FROM MR. JOLAS

Sirs:

Altho I have long ceased to protest against the misinterpretations of *Transition* that have appeared on two continents, I confess to being astonished at Mr. Greenberg's reference to "*Transition* bunk." Now that is cheap. A review that for 10 years presented practically all the modern movements that are now the fashion here—expressionism, dadaism, abstractionism, Stein, Joyce, etc., etc.—mostly in rather difficult translations, cannot be dismissed like that. Franz Kafka, whose story you present in the current issue, was first introduced in *Transition* in 1928, and I continuously published him in subsequent numbers up to the very end. And in 1928 *Transition Stories* published my translation of *The Sentence* in NYC. . . .

Kafka, by the way, seems to assume a unique importance today. My friend, Georges Duthuit, had a letter from Andre Masson, the painter, the other day, saying: "J'ai l'impression que je vis un des contes de Kafka en France." He means the alien mood of paroxysm, guilt, weltangst which we all feel now.

Sincerely,
EUGENE JOLAS

New York City

A CORRECTION

Sirs:

The March-April issue of the PARTISAN REVIEW has just arrived and I hasten to send you this note as a correction of the printing of the lines from Mr. MacLeish's poem "Sentiments for a Dedica-

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tion" which appear on page 136 of my article "The Poet on Capitol Hill." The lines were correctly quoted in my MS. and in the galley proof sent me, but appear to have become disarranged when the magazine was put to press. I shall not take space here to quote the poem correctly (it may be found in Mr. MacLeish's *Poems, 1924-1933*, pp. 76-7) but may say that the fifteen lines which appear at the top of page 136 should stand in this order: 1, 2, 8, 4, 5, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15; and there should be a space between the last two lines.

I take this opportunity to make also these minor typographical corrections: *unstabie* in line 6, page 128, should be *unstable; meanginless* in line 24, page 135, should be *meaningless;* and *express* in line 36, page 145, should be *exercise.*

Yours,

Chicago, Ill. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

"VIEW" OBJECTS

Sirs:

Clement Greenberg writes of *View* in a manner misleading to anyone unacquainted with *View,* slanderously toward Surrealism, and in shocking disregard of certain of his privately expressed opinions:

(1) It is not true that "*View* is issued by a group of American Surrealists." Charles Henri Ford, its editor, does not describe himself as a Surrealist and publishes mostly non-Surrealist contributions. *View's* lone surrealist literary animator, Nicolas Calas, attacked Mr. Greenberg in its pages; thus Calas has been inflated into a group, or perhaps even, subconsciously, into a "gang."

(2) Mr. Greenberg says: "The gossip is good if you know the names. If you know the people I imagine it might get to be a little too much. Sometimes it is a little too much even for plain strangers." Mr. G. may be plain to some of these people but he certainly is no stranger to them. He may have felt strange after learning in *View* and through me that he had been duped by Calas and Kurt Seligmann into believing they hold his non-serious painting in respect. Mr. Greenberg was very friendly to a "name" constantly in *View*—the undersigned—and thought enough of him to write him about an unpublished essay he was shown: "Your description of the poetic muse is wonderful, even though I might be inclined to disagree with it. . . . There is an irresistible temptation to steal your ideas."

(3) Mr. Greenberg says regarding an anonymous correspondent's news item published in *View* as a prank: "I am for the extinction of the milieu which produced this creature." A most creditable thought—if the wholly false implication were not that the item is characteristic of *View* and of Surrealism. If Mr. G. were aiming simply at what happened to strike him in *View,* why did he not repeat his unsolicited opinion which I suggested he communicate to Mr. Ford about the latter's interview with Wallace Stevens in *View* No. 1: "a model of what an interview should be."

I am less interested in defending *View* or my connection with it than in requesting Mr. Greenberg and the other editors to explain the presence in PARTISAN REVIEW of words so betraying to social responsibility and so lacking in a genuine sense of critical proportion.

Yours, etc.

New York City PARKER TYLER

Dear Parker: I still think Ford's interview was wonderful—especially for what it told me about Ford—as I wrote him in the next sentence of the note you quote. —C. G.

POETS, ATTENTION

Sirs:

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CONTRIBUTORS

T. S. ELIOT'S "The Dry Salvages" is his first long poem since "East Coker," which was published in *Partisan Review* for May-June, 1940. East Coker, by the way, is the place in Somersetshire, England, from which the Eliot family emigrated to this country. . . . JAMES BURNHAM, whose book, *The Managerial Revolution,* has just appeared, is in the philosophy department of New York University. . . . W. R. RODGERS is a young Ulsterman whose poems were first published by the English literary magazine, *Horizon.* . . . DAVID SCHUBERT is a young poet who lives in Brooklyn. . . . RANDALL JARRELL, who has become widely known for his poetry reviews, teaches English in the University of Texas. . . . SAUL BELLOW is a young Chicago writer. This is his first published story. . . . ALLEN TATE, well known for his poetry and criticism, is on the English faculty of Princeton University. . . . KARL KORSCH, author of a recently published book on Karl Marx, lives in Boston. . . . WELDON KEES, whose stories and poetry have appeared in *New Directions* and other magazines, works in the Denver Public Library. . . . DAWN POWELL lives in New York City. Her last novel was *Angels on Toast.*

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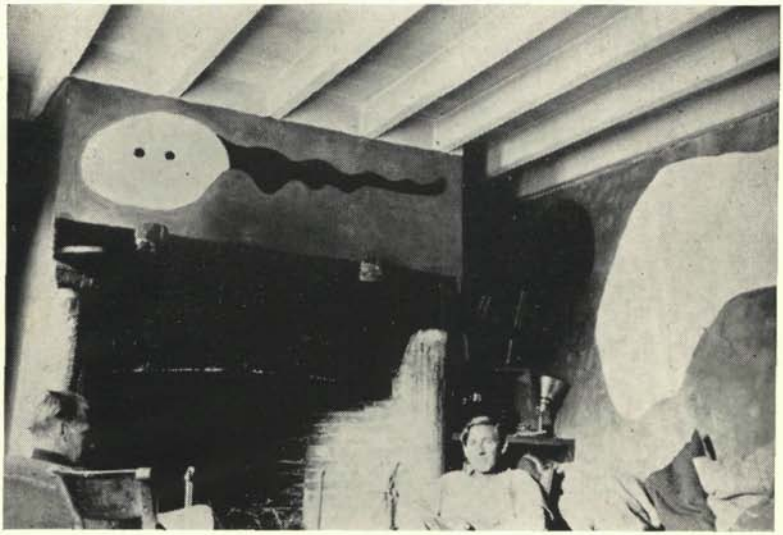

Photos by Susie Frelinghuysen

We are reproducing above the only photographs ever taken of murals by Joan Miró. They were executed in the home of Paul Nelson, American architect, at Varangeville on the Channel coast, in 1938. According to reports, the walls of the house were knocked out when the Germans recently converted it into a stable. Thus Miró's only mural work has presumably been destroyed.

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In his regular monthly letter to *Common Sense* from London, Mr. MacNeice this month describes the startling political cleavage which is now taking place in England, a cleavage having little to do with class lines but which radically separates "planners" and "non-planners."

WASHINGTON LETTER By Frank C. Hanighen

No other left-wing publication in America prints such a Washington column as Mr. Hanighen's. New Dealers (including both those who are sticking to their guns and those who are retreating under the lame excuse of "defense") read it anxiously.

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